

THE SUNDAY TIMES

INSIGHT: A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER BEGINS ON PAGE 15

NEWS DIGEST

4 NOVEMBER, 1971

alk dispensers health hazard

POURERS which are commonly to bottles of fruit squash and cordial is and caustic can contaminate the chemical action of the acid in which drinks has been found to cause salts to accumulate in the poorer cases a customer is likely to suffer a bout of vomiting within half an hour will, however, be no other side-effect follows a Westminster City investigation into the case of two who were severely ill in hotel five minutes after drinking orange juice from a bottle with a pourer. He is warning parents and members trade about the dangers, and the London boroughs have been asked to the campaign. Pourers cannot be banned as they are more commonly used to pour spirits perfectly safe for this purpose.

anco girl to Spanish prince

AL FRANCO'S grand-daughter is to be the granddaughter of Spain's last ruling monarch XIII—probably next spring, she who have parental approval, are Carmen Martinez-Bordiu, 20, and Alfonso-Jaime Bourbon y Dampierre, son of Don Jaime de Bourbon, the Segovia.

Duke has renounced his claim to the throne because of illness, and many now consider that Prince Alfonso has a stronger claim than his first Prince Juan Carlos, who has been ed as future king by General Franco.

's landing bid

ve-ton Soviet space probes launched

Mars-2 and Mars-3, will soon attempt

land on Mars and place instrument

s on the planet, Moscow sources said

ly. Although no official statement

in made, Mars-2 is expected to reach

ation in the next few days, and

before the end of the month

one-ton Mariner-9, scheduled to

into a Mars orbit early today, will

take pictures but will not attempt to

it

th helper killed

LIZABETH PEART, 51, of Shildon,

was killed on the M1 at Rother-

esterday when a lorry collided with

of people helping the driver of an

ed car. Mr Ernest William Starmen,

Wardington, Co. Durham, who had been

Mrs Peart, was seriously injured

er of the overturned car. Miss Vera

man, 25, of Ossett, Yorks, was

ed.

y in sea rescue

SEAMEN, a woman and a baby were

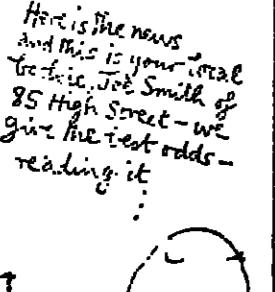
safely at Port Askaig, Islay, off Scot-

west coast, yesterday after being

up from a raft when the Islay lifeboat

distress signals from the crippled

Ditch coaster Regatta.



ice buys back jets

FRENCH Government announced yes-

that it is to "buy back" from Israel

airfields since President de Gaulle

an embargo on arms deliveries to

Jordan, Syria and Egypt after the six-

ar of June 1967. The planes cost

each.

—Reuters

Greece-Albania pact

GREEK regime yesterday welcomed

umption of full diplomatic relations

neighbouring Albania after 33 years,

assador Llik Seiti arrived in Athens,

rmal declaration of respect for

n territorial independence" made

that Greece has at least shelved its

onal claim for the union of Northern

(Southern) Albania with Greece.

v Barnard transplant

AFRICA'S Dr Christiaan Barnard

med his eighth heart transplant opera-

the Groote Schuur Hospital, Cape town,

day on 22-year-old Lindsay Rich. Two

Barnard's previous transplants survive

van Zyl, 44, and Dorothy Fisher, 39,

ich was said to be satisfactory after

our-hour operation.

—UPI

le yachtsman sighted

REY CATH, 26, competitor in a

Atlantic single-handed yacht race, was

d by a British bulk carrier yesterday

ies north of Vigo, Spain, following a

weather alert. Cath said he did not

elp. Shipping is still on the lookout

is rival, Nigel Harman, 26.

t at US prison

E and guards at Wisconsin State

matory yesterday used tear-gas to quell

was officially classed as a "full-scale

by many of the 624 inmates. The men

ld in the dining hall before setting fire

te carpenters and tailors shop, two

itories and a power-house.—Reuter

outbreak kills three

EE people have died in Spain in an out-

of Hong Kong flu spreading over

Some 50,000 Spaniards were affected

month while Budapest, Hungary, is

ing 30,000 cases a day.—AP



Kelvin Brodie

Blow from axe ends 6-hour hijack drama

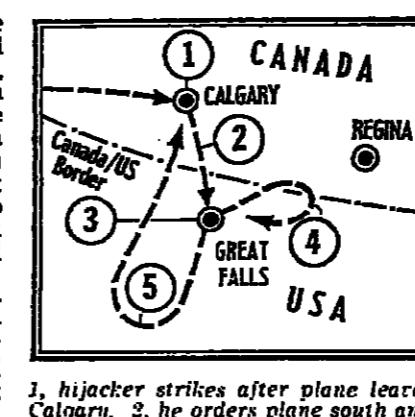
A MASKED gunman, who said he was a member of the IRA and seized an Air Canada DCS airliner, was in hospital last night after a six-hour hijacking ended when he put his gun down to strap on a parachute. "As he did that," an airline official said, "the pilot jumped him and a purser came up behind him and let him have it with a fire axe. The captain held him as the purser hit him."

When the aircraft landed at Calgary, Alberta, the man was unconscious. "He is not responding very well to treatment," Calgary Hospital reported. "His condition is just fair."

The man, still unidentified, had said he wanted a free passage to Ireland and £600,000 for the Irish Republican Army. But in Vancouver, Mr Sean Kenny, who claims to be North American leader of the IRA said: "This hijacking has nothing to do with the IRA. We don't go along with hijacking. Besides, anyone who wants to fly to Ireland, with all its troubles, has got to be sick."

The drama began soon after the aircraft, Flight 812 from Vancouver to Toronto, had taken off from Calgary. Mr Al Solosky, who had come aboard at Calgary, bumped into a man in the first-class compartment. "He had dark curly hair, a swarthy complexion, and he was wearing a long, black coat, which he refused to take off."

The significance of the long coat became apparent about an hour later. When Mr Solosky again noticed the swarthy man he was masked and pulling a sawn-off shotgun from the folds of the coat. Deliberately, the man fired at the plastic partition separating the compartment from the bar area.



1. hijacker strikes after plane leaves Calgary. 2. he orders plane south and Great Falls. 3. ransom is paid. 4. plane takes off but returns to Great Falls where passengers are released and plane is refuelled. 5. plane heads towards Arizona but hijacker is overcome and plane returns to Calgary.

Then he put the gun at the head of a stewardess. It was 5.30 in the afternoon. The aircraft had 114 passengers and a crew of nine. I'm a member of the IRA and willing to die for my country," the man said. Besides the gun he was carrying a pack of dynamite. He ordered the plane to land to take on fuel for a flight to Ireland—about 5,000 miles. The DCS turned south, crossed the border into American air space and for two hours circled the airport at Great Falls, Montana, while the pilot talked to the control tower and Air Canada officials on the ground to raise the £600,000 ransom.

At 8.12 pm the aircraft landed.

A police matron was waiting with an attache case. She explained that it contained £21,000—a good deal less than the hijacker had demanded, but apparently acceptable, for it was taken up by rope into the

aircraft. An FBI agent tried to talk to the pilot by radio, but was warned that the hijacker was listening-in and had ordered the plane to take off for Regina, Saskatchewan.

That flight was soon abandoned, though, for when the aircraft had climbed to cruising height, the hijacker ordered it back to Great Falls. This time the 114 passengers and three of the crew were allowed to leave, some 7,000 gallons of fuel were taken on, and at 10 pm the plane took off again, supposedly for Ireland.

Tracked by radar of US Air Control, the aircraft is reported to have changed course and flown south. The pilot radioed an account of growing indecisiveness on the part of the hijacker. At one point he ordered the pilot to head for New York, and then Ireland. The next moment he was demanding to be taken to Phoenix, Arizona.

Again the hijacker changed his mind. "Back to Calgary," he ordered, and the aircraft swung north. It was approaching Calgary when the man demanded a parachute. What happened then was described by an Air Canada official afterwards.

The guy had a parachute and demanded to be allowed to jump out at 3,000 feet and said if the crew would not open the emergency window, he would blow off the tail of the plane. As the hijacker was preparing to jump, the pilot, Capt. Vernon Ehman, 42, "went into a back cabin with him and the guy put down his gun to put on the parachute. As he did that, the pilot jumped him and a purser came up behind him and let him have it with a fire axe. The captain held him as the purser hit him."

THE CINNAMON LOOK
Queen of Clubs at the Hammersmith Palais
PICTURE DOCUMENTARY

PLANET EARTH
8: INSIDE CHINA
Cut-out-&-keep guide

COLOUR MAGAZINE
LBJ MEMOIRS PART 3

My Four Great Battles
WEEKLY REVIEW

SEEING IT THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD
New discoveries 10

THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN
3 pages of packed & pic packages 25

JULY COOPER
THE ART OF SOCIAL CLIMBING 43

Sunday Times prices overseas
Republic of Ireland 10p
Australia A\$0.50 £1.00
Belgium F.750 750 francs £1.00
Canada \$1.00 Norway Nkr.100
France F.125 Portugal Esc.17.50
Germany DM.1.00 Sweden SEK.1.00
Denmark D.Kr.1.00 Switzerland SF.2.00
Finland F.M.1.00 Switzerland SF.2.00
Germany DM.2.00 Western States \$1.25
Greece Dr.2.50 2nd class postage
Holland D.F.2.00 paid at New York

Ulster bans Armistice parades

ALL REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY parades in Ulster have been banned. This is made clear in an Order reissued yesterday by Mr Brian Faulkner, the Northern Ireland Premier. The British Legion in Northern Ireland is instructing its members to help the security forces by foregoing their customary processions.

Three people were injured when a bomb destroyed Trainor's Bar in Fleet Street, Belfast, yesterday. It was the city's fourth bomb incident of the day. Half-an-hour earlier three men walked into the foyer of the Wellington Park Hotel and placed a parcel on the floor. The building was cleared just before the bomb exploded, causing extensive damage.

Earlier a bomb placed at the Colinpark Social Club in Fort Street in the Springfield Road area destroyed part of the wooden building. Responsibility for the explosion was later claimed by a group calling themselves the Empire Loyalists.

The firm employs 150 people. A large part of the building was knocked down and the area was cleared because of danger from a burning gas pipe. Thousands of pounds worth of equipment was destroyed.

The search is continuing for the gunman who killed an 18-year-old Dutch seaman on Friday.

—Sunday Times

ford, Lincs, last week, the coroner, Mr A. R. Kelham, said: "He was on the verge of a very promising career and had no problems." But he recorded an open verdict because no one had actually seen Mr Davies fall.

Then, after the third death on October 25, British Rail acted. One report of the accident said that Mr Frederick Morris asked a waiter to open a window because of the stuffiness in the carriage. The waiter did nothing, so Mr Morris tried to open the window. As he did so, the door flew open and he was dragged out. When the train reached Peterborough, 15 miles farther on, the coach from which Mr Morris had fallen was uncoupled and pushed into a siding. Engineers were summoned from London to inspect the doors and windows and modifications began.

A British Rail spokesman said yesterday: "We did not design the doors lightly. The wider, outward-opening doors enable people to move around the luggage more easily and we felt the handles should be a little easier to operate than the normal ones, which do require a lot of leverage. Obviously we did not design a lock which was sufficiently foolproof, we are sorry to say, and we removed it when we discovered that."

Continued on page 2

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Imagine. You're old. Just making ends meet on a small fixed income. Suddenly, the rent goes up. What do you do? Get out. Or get help.

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It's all a very costly business. Please help with a donation—a cheque, money order or legacy.

DGAA
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Do you really want to cut office costs?

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PHILIPS

'The fatal Ulster error'

A FATAL error in the Government's handling of the Ulster crisis came two years ago when British troops were given a permanent role in the province, Mr Enoch Powell said yesterday. Speaking at Penzance, the Conservative MP for Wolverhampton SW said:

From that point dates the present war which is being lost. The reason lies not in the fact that the Army was called in, but in the purpose for which it was used.

There is a point of definition and of principle on which it is infinitely important to be clear. When the Army is used in aid of the civil power, the soldiers are used as soldiers and not as policemen; and the distinction between soldiers and policemen is an absolute distinction. An army exists, and is trained and organised, to kill; a police force exists, and is trained and organised, to enforce law and keep order. An army performs its functions through its ability to kill; a police force does so through its ability to apprehend and bring to justice. The distinction is no less absolute where the police carry firearms: an armed policeman is not a soldier, and a soldier is not an armed policeman.

The fatal error was to commit the Army, not to aid the civil power in an emergency, but to replace the police in all circumstances in which it would be necessary or even desirable for them to be armed. The British Government deliberately destroyed the morale, the effectiveness and the capability of the police in Northern Ireland. When events had indicated that the police needed to be reinforced in strength, in reserves and in equipment, the opposite deduction was drawn: to weaken the police and to replace them with soldiers.

To be confronted with the British Army in a policeman's role must have seemed to the enemy a heaven-sent boon which exceeded what he could have prayed for.

There is no remedy but to retrace our steps. . . Northern Ireland must have a police force larger in size, larger in reserves, stronger in arms and equipment, and higher in morale than before.

Mr Powell also attacked what he described as constitution-mongering in Northern Ireland. He said: "No conceivable alteration of the government or parliament of Northern Ireland, except one, would afford the slightest satisfaction to the enemy. You might as well try to subdue an angry elephant by offering him a peanut." The one change, and the only change, in which the enemy is interested is the abolition of the province of Northern Ireland itself as part of the United Kingdom and its embodiment in the Republic of Ireland.

The Republic, Mr Powell went on, should be recognised as a foreign Power which has a land frontier with the United Kingdom. "What is necessary," he said, "is full wartime control of that frontier." People entering the United Kingdom from the Republic should have to show a valid passport and people resident in Northern Ireland should carry a means of identification—"either identity cards for British subjects or passports for citizens of the Republic."

Thorpe praises Jenkins . . .

Mr Jeremy Thorpe, the liberal Leader, praised Mr Roy Jenkins yesterday for "being made of sterner stuff" than Mr Wilson, who had "all the decision of the Duke of York" on the Common Market issue.

Speaking at Winchester, he said that European Socialists were Social Democrats, while in Britain they were expected to be "social acrobats." Party loyalty, according to Mr Richard Crossman, was to pocket your principles, ignore your convictions and vote with all the dignity of a sheep being dipped.

Nixon drags it out

PRESIDENT NIXON'S announcement that he will withdraw an additional 45,000 American troops from Vietnam in the next two months is being freely interpreted in Washington as influenced by considerations not only of diplomacy, but also of next year's Presidential election, writes Godfrey Hodgson.

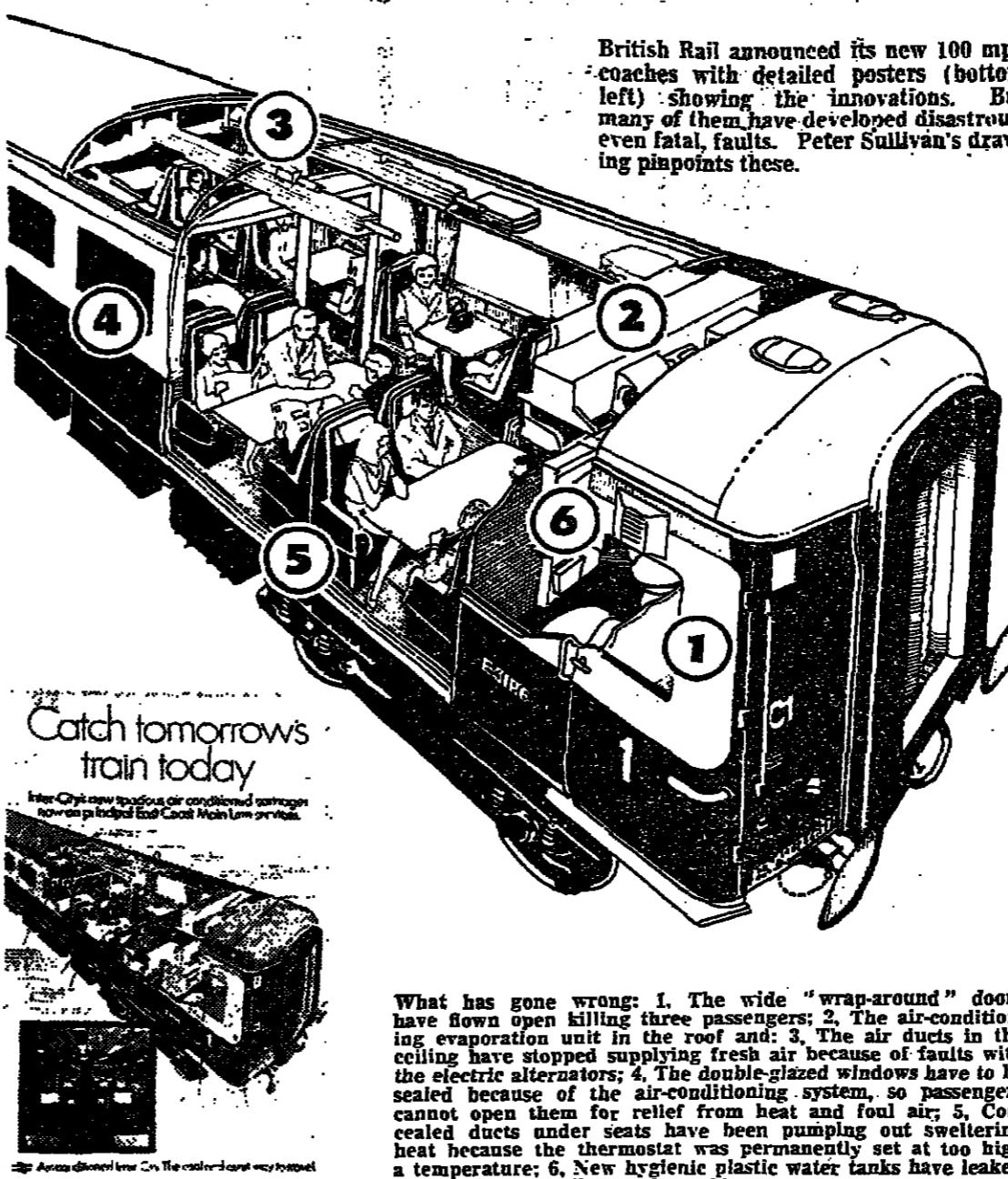
The President plans to squeeze as much mileage as he can out of the return of the 138,000 US troops who are left, both in his talks with the Russians and the Chinese and in keeping himself constantly before the electors at the critical season of election year. He wants to be seen in that most advantageous of presidential roles—the international statesman and peacemaker.

Mr Nixon surprised everyone by bringing forward his long-awaited statement on Vietnam, which had been expected to come on Monday. He also remained in an off-the-cuff answer that the US combat role in Vietnam "is already concluded." Rarely can a historic announcement, so long and so avidly awaited, have been so casually made.

It is significant that high officials in Mr Nixon's own administration expected him to announce larger troop withdrawals, and over a long period. The reasoning behind Mr Nixon's decision to bring the boys home in dribs and drabs seems to be to ensure that he will have plenty of ammunition for saturation bombing of any political challenger who might be tempted to take him on over Vietnam.

In Paris, the North Vietnamese delegation to the Vietnam Peace Talks strongly rejected Mr Nixon's claim that the US role had finished. "They still daily undertake aggressive activity slaughtering the population," a spokesman said.

British Rail announced its new 100 mph coaches with detailed posters (bottom left) showing the innovations. But many of them have developed disastrous, even fatal, faults. Peter Sullivan's drawing pinpoints these.



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Acland answers the irregular laws of nature

By Michael Moynihan

to Borrowdale, one of the most frequented areas, may next year be answer to the call of nature. The National Trust has approved of a public convenience at Seatoller, four miles up the valley," says Mrs Esther Carmichael, a local resident who spent two years as a National Trust warden in Borrowdale.

After years of controversy, the National Trust has approved of a public convenience at a screened quarry. Mr. C. H. D. Acland, a trustee, is meeting the Lake District Planning Board to give the go-ahead to erect this facility, provided it is built at night or that it is screened from view by trees.

Mrs Carmichael, writer and dedicated Lakeland walker, makes it clear that she has little sympathy for the urgent needs of the "new breed" of tourists. "They have no real love of the countryside and come to Borrowdale because it is the thing to do or to kill time," she says. "People like that have often lost the art of regularity through overeating and dosing. I have been disgusted by what I have seen in the woods. Better an unsightly convenience than human pollution of the environment."

Mr Acland, who fears that Lakeland would become "riddled with lavatories" if some people had their way, says that he has just received no complaints about litter and suggests that the urgency of the situation has been greatly exaggerated. "There are already three public conveniences in the 8-mile stretch of Borrowdale," he says. "Even from a remote point it would not take more than half an hour for a brisk walker to reach one."

The approved convenience would be situated on the opposite side of the road from the Bowder Stone near a car park established by the Trust two years ago.

Irry held on student

Office is holding an inquest into the treatment of an Indian, Yugal Bahl, while he was in Durham prison. He was deported three months after being detained by British officials when he came to Britain to take a one-year course at Monkwearmouth College, Sunderland. He was in Durham while a fight was made by two men up his case—Newcastle innkeeper, Mr. B. and Mr. Gordon Bagier, Sunderland South—are investigating. The charges include charges that kept him in a cell in prison and was constantly sworn at, was prevented from Indian food taken to him and was deprived of it.

The Nun-Runners, Hodder and Stoughton, £1.50.

Story of the nun-runners



Things aren't the same in Civvy Street, old boy: youth and middle-age yesterday in the Garden of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey

Fenced-in city attacks Walker plan

By Muriel Bowen

CLEARING Birmingham's slums—some of the worst in Britain—will be prolonged by 10 years or more unless the Government amends the Local Government Bill, local politicians forecast yesterday.

All three political parties in Birmingham agreed on this dismal outlook at special meetings last week. They say they will fight "tooth and nail" to change Birmingham's proposed boundary and save their clearance programme, aimed at eliminating 30,000 slums by 1975.

If boundary changes suggested by the Bill due for a second Commons reading on Wednesday—so through the city loses its new National Exhibition Centre, given the Government go-ahead only on Friday. It also loses its municipal airport. But worst of all, say Birmingham councillors, the boundaries are drawn so tight that there is no housing land left.

"It is quite shameful what the Government Minister Mr Peter Walker is proposing to do to the city," Alderman Sir Francis Griffin, Tory leader of Birmingham Corporation, said. "People should not have to live in terrible ghetto houses a day longer than is necessary. He is forcing them to do so for years and years."

Birmingham, despite massive re-building, still has 20,000 slums, plus 30,000 homes needing major improvements. The local Tory target of 5,000 fewer slums a year needs more land. It is this shortage of land which, given all the circumstances, has meant a drop in building from 9,000 homes in 1967 to about 3,800 this year.

"When Birmingham goes after land it can't beat the squatters, and now it is going to be more difficult than ever," says Labour Alderman Sir Frank Price. Denis Howell, Labour MP for Small Heath adds: "The neighbouring squatters are often quite reasonable people. Their problem is that they are completely in the grip of local residents, people who say: 'We've bought our own home in a rural setting, and we're not going to be surrounded by Birmingham people'."

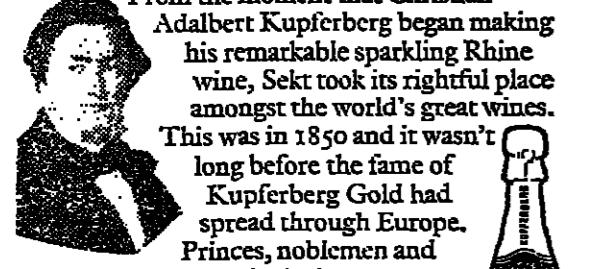
Council tenants and coloured people are objected to by Birmingham under constant pressure from its neighbours to build to higher densities.

Not trusted

People living in the Wiltshire village of Lacock are taking a campaign against their landlords—the National Trust—direct to their MP and the County Council. They object to a silversmith's shop being opened in the village because it might start a rash of antique shops and yellow parking lines. The Trust owns 95 houses and cottages; apart from an grocery business and post office.

\$25,000 winner
The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by Bond number 2EZ 020802. The winner lives in Wigtonshire.

Terylene
In our reader offer which appeared in The Sunday Times Colour Magazine on October 10 we inadvertently referred to "Terylene" as if it were a common noun like cotton. "Terylene" is a registered trade mark of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.



Today Kupferberg Gold is still made by the same family.

The grapes are still gathered by hand.

The wine is still brought to perfection in the same cellars. The only difference is you don't have to go to Mainz to get it.

KUPFERBERG GOLD
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Send a friend Kupferberg Gold for Christmas. Simply fill in the recipient's name and address and enclose your card. Postage and packing are free. Christmas orders must be received before December 1st.

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Enclose £1.49 for each bottle ordered.

(Offer applies to U.K. only)

£1.14

Rhine bridge builders played it safe but still lost

By Sydney Lenssen
Editor of *The Civil Engineer*

THE SHADOW over the future of box-girder bridges has deepened alarmingly with the collapse last week of a 130ft section of a bridge under construction over the Rhine at Koblenz.

This latest disaster—the fourth in two years—contains an ominous element absent in the others: the Rhine bridge collapsed despite the fact that the German engineers used conservative methods and not the more daring ones used on the other three bridges—the Yarra at Melbourne (October 1969), the Danube at Vienna (November 1969) and the bridge at Millford Haven (June 1970).

From the beginning, development of the box-girder bridge was centred around the Rhine.

Only in the last 10 years have British designers, and Freeman Fox and Partners in particular, carried the principles further on the Severn Bridge, the Yarra and Millford Haven bridges and others.

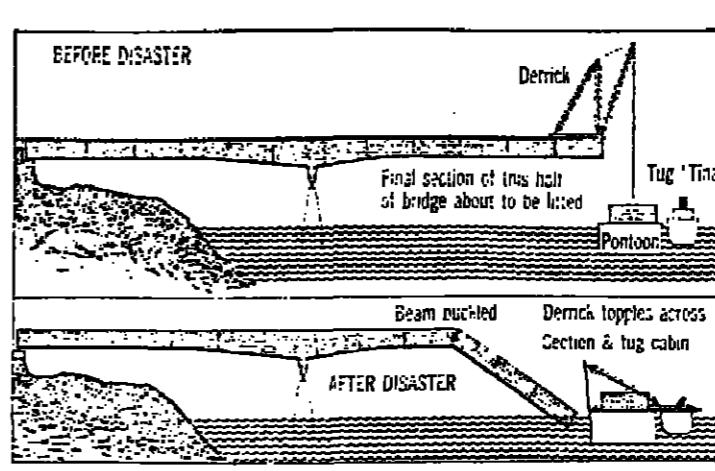
Since then most British bridges have been lighter and noticeably more economical than other European or American steel bridges—a daring approach which quickly resulted in a spate of overseas orders.

But despite the loss of export orders, the Germans changed their designs slowly.

The Koblenz bridge is one of the few bridge decks to have its steel welded on site; every seam, not just sample lengths, is X-ray tested. The thickness of steel plate, the size and number of stiffeners used for the Rhine bridge are considerably in excess of currently acceptable examples in Britain.

But whatever the design—traditional or daring—the results have been the same: wrecks and deaths. Nine men died at Koblenz, bringing the bridge-building death toll since 1969 to more than 50.

Although the Koblenz coroner has clamped down on all official comment on last week's disaster and his advisers, the Karlsruhe Technische Hochschule have called in all relevant drawings, theories and documents, theories on the



Bridge collapsed as crane lifted section from barge

bridge collapse are rife. The man in the street says: "Everything today is built too quickly, too cheaply." Others are blaming Austrian steel.

But the collapse is a classical example of "late buckling" in this type of bridge.

The stiffened steel underside and sloping webs of the bridge just folded on themselves. Eye-witnesses talked of a crash like a sonic boom, and estimated that the free end of the bridge took as long as 10 seconds to topple into the river.

Just after two o'clock that afternoon, all was ready to hoist the last "trough" section by crane from the pontoon which had brought it 55 miles down river from the construction yards. The captain of the tug Tina was at the bridge, holding the pontoon and unit against the flow of the river until the crane started its series of short lifts to raise the 85 tons of steel to deck level.

Most of the workers said that the crane was just taking the strain, but one site engineer I spoke to is absolutely certain that the unit had been lifted clear of the pontoon. Then the deck jack-knifed, tipping the trough section, through the deck, holding the tug deck still in position, has been prevented by a heavy beam and tubular bracing bulkhead, some 10ft back from the buckle. The top deck stands firm, although it now looks like the top of a sardine can.

One key question remains: why did the bridge deck fall where it did, rather than closer to the pier support? Each joint and every position along the cantilever would have been checked by the German Ministry of Transport, the designers and the approval engineer, Professor E. H. K. Klöppel of Darmstadt, to see that it could carry the extra weight

back to the pier and first span. The amount of steel at each point is related to what it should carry. Therefore failure can occur anywhere if the calculations are incorrect. It is most likely to occur at the weakest link in a chain of varying sizes.

In cantilever bridges, with more and more boxes being added to avoid expensive mid-river supports, it is easy to appreciate the high stresses which can build up before the two halves join to support each other. But it is not "cantilevering" or "reversal of stress" which has caused this recent spate of accidents. All they do is to guarantee that failure, when it happens, is catastrophic.

The basic problem is that bridge engineers do not fully comprehend just how the boxes sustain their own weight and how much load goes into each part.

Exact calculations are impossible, and safety margins which have long been considered adequate for conventional structures are not proving large enough to accommodate these unknown factors.

For these reasons, the German bridge collapse gives a greater degree of urgency to the Department of the Environment's box girder bridge investigations in Britain. Both the inquiry and Mr Peter Walker's technical panel, which is formulating some permanent rules on these bridges, are understood to be falling behind schedule.

And meanwhile the openings of new stretches of motorway are being delayed because of suspect bridges. The Midland links, connecting the M1 to the M6 around Birmingham, is virtually finished but will not be opened in the foreseeable future. The new Mersey tunnel approach motorway in Cheshire still lies unused.

Court Circular

BUCKINGHAM PALACE November 13, 1971.
The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, with The Princess Anne, attended the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall this evening.

Even ducks need export cover

"It's tough selling ducks overseas. We wouldn't make it harder by selling them without ECGD credit insurance," Mr J.H.B., sales director, seen here with some of the birds his company exports.

Three million ducks a year are raised on this 900-acre farm in Lincolnshire.

Many of them are exported in oven-ready form to the Caribbean and the Far East. Day-old birds are also sold overseas, to many countries in Europe, Africa and the Middle East.

Bad debt risk

With this very wide spread of markets, ECGD cover is vital. The company insures with ECGD against 90-95% losses through overseas buyers' default or insolvency, and sterling transfer and other political risks.

"It was an automatic decision to insure with ECGD," says Mr J.H.B. Bad debts would soon slow our expansion."

Sales take off

The company has expanded export sales rapidly, from £20,000 in 1968 to £200,000 this year, despite tariff barriers and import restrictions in many overseas markets.

Selling overseas is rarely easy. But it's made simpler and much less hazardous with ECGD insurance. Get the full story from your local ECGD Manager or write for the free comprehensive leaflet to Information Section, ECGD, Aldermanbury House, Aldermanbury, London EC2.

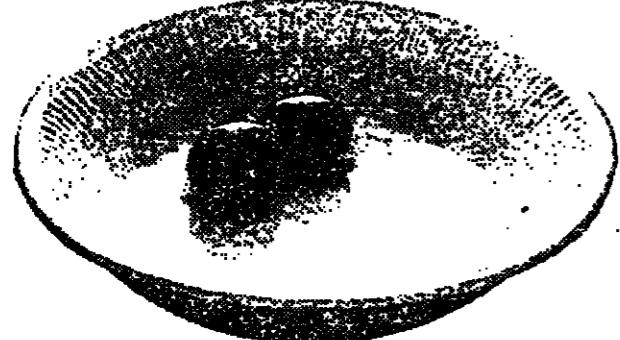
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Polish off the olives and depart.



It's far and away your favourite restaurant. The atmosphere intimate, the lighting low, the tastefulness of the decor surpassed only by the tastiness of the cuisine. Enticing aromas waft from the kitchen, skilful waiters bustle about, balancing plates, wheeling trolleys, nonchalantly setting fire to things on silver salvers.

But something is seriously amiss. You call the wine waiter over. "This wine list of yours, Henri?" you say, "there seems to be no mention of KlosterPrinz on it. That would be a printing error, would it not?"

Poor Henri. You're the third person who's asked about KlosterPrinz that evening. He can only stumble out his wretched apologies, "er, no sir, it's not a printing error, we've been meaning to order KlosterPrinz for some time, only..."

"Hmm" you reply, drumming your fingers lightly, "well, in view of the fact that KlosterPrinz is a veritable Prince of Piesporters, deliciously crisp, ever-so-slightly dry, you leave me no alternative." And without more ado you polish off the olives, rise from your chair, smile pleasantly and depart.

Congratulations. You just struck a significant blow for progress.

Nothing like it since Suez

NOT SINCE the worst days of Suez have I seen the Tory party shudder with such fury against the actions of its own members. For an hour on Thursday night a considerable majority of Conservative MPs were convulsed by righteous rage because they discovered that six Tory members were on the plane of leaving on a trip to Belfast and Dublin, where they would meet IRA leaders of both official and Provisional wings at a secret hide-out.

Taunts such as "traitors," "quislings" and "shaking hands with murderers" were flung around—and the anger was not confined to the back benches. Mr Heath, I am told, "reacted violently and instantly" when he heard the news at 5.15 on Thursday. Thirty minutes earlier, when his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Clive Bossom, told Mr Maudling what was being planned, Mr Maudling had been "afame with passion and fury." When Willie Whitelaw, Lord President, heard the news at 5.30, his language was said to be "colourful."

Heath, Maudling and Whitelaw went to work immediately and, inevitably, it had to be unconditional surrender for the six MPs. Was the trip off? "It had bloody well better be," I was told by one Minister.

By seven o'clock that evening the hapless Derek Coombs, the new MP for Yardley, Birmingham, who dreamt up the fact-finding trip to Belfast and Dublin as a humble contribution to peace-making, was deserted by his five colleagues under their leaders' fury. And after a "highly charged" conference with the Chief Whip, Francis Pym, Mr Coombs, too, had to retreat from the stricken field.

Mr Coombs first came to Westminster after last year's general election, a 40-year-old Midlands businessman who won Yardley from the Socialists. As a new boy, he is not experienced in political subtleties, though he has long been fascinated by the Irish question. (He is, incidentally, married to Peter O'Toole's sister.) Some months ago, he says, he thought it would be an excellent idea if some of the new MPs like himself studied the problem at first hand.

He first exchanged his ideas about four weeks ago with another new boy, Laurence Reed, who'd won Bolton East. They had a "good" value of a small group of back-bench Tories going to one, would go south, to see that satisfaction for themselves. Two out as well, then during the day eight, Captain Peter Emery (Janus) and Captain Walter Eddy. Four men duly informed the Whips last week that they were planning a fact-finding study of the Irish problem on the spot,

JAMES MARGACH

tells the story of sixty furious minutes when six Tories stepped out of Ulster line



Coombs: losing allies



Deedes: adding weight

leaving on Friday morning. "All right," said the Whips, "but be sure you're all back by ten o'clock Monday night for the three-line whip vote on Peter Walker's Housing Bill."

The Whips did not demur at all at that moment. But they reflected later that the four MPs did not carry the sort of weight likely to make any impression in Belfast or Dublin. So the Whips' machine went into action discreetly and sought around for

more senior figures to keep the four company.

This explains why William Deedes, a former Home Office Minister, was suggested as the delegation's ideal leader, with Philip Goodhart, joint secretary of the 1922 committee, as his second.

The argument still rages about whether the Government and Whips were ever alerted to the six-man meeting with the two wings of the IRA. Mr Coombs is in no doubt; he says he told the Whips specifically about his plans to meet the IRA and they approved it as an excellent idea. But the Whips say they understood that the delegation would meet all sides, but never imagined the IRA were to be included.

When Mr Deedes and Mr Goodhart were invited to join the group they believed that the Whips had already approved the IRA rendezvous.

What is clear is that whatever the misunderstandings, Mr Coombs, who still believed he was the delegation's leader and not Mr Deedes, did not conceal anything in the Press statement he had drafted for Central Office to distribute. It gave pride of place to the Dublin end of the talks with Mr Cathal Goulding of the IRA, Mr John Stephenson and Mr Ronan O'Brien, leaders of the Provisionals. This was to be released at 7.30 on Thursday, but by then the trip was killed.

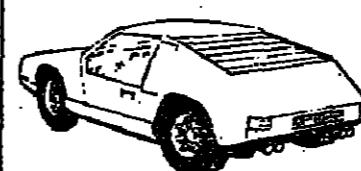
Shortly after six o'clock Reginald Maudling, who normally ambles pleasantly through the House, was seen rushing from the chamber to the members' lobbies. He sought out Willie Whitelaw and the two of them retired along the corridors before returning at a determined gait to the Chief Whip's office.

In under 10 minutes Whitelaw, Pym and Maudling decided that the interests of Government party and Ulster demanded that the trip should be banned at once. The six offending MPs duly trooped individually to the Chief Whip's room and were informed of the Government's decision: five peeled off at once, leaving Mr Coombs alone to meet Mr Pym. The only thing he could rescue from the wreckage was a brave promise that the trip would be reorganised without the IRA.

Two outside factors reinforced the urgency of the ban. The first is that Enoch Powell had told every Minister in sight that if the trip were not cancelled instantly he would personally put a motion on the Parliamentary order paper—and demand time for its debate—censuring the six for bringing comfort to, and fraternising with the Queen's enemies who were murdering British troops and killing Ulster civilians. The second was that Robin Chichester-Clarke, the newly elected leader of the Ulster Unionist Group, warned all Ministers about the disastrous reactions in Ulster where the MPs' meeting with the IRA would be seen as a gross betrayal of Stormont and the Ulster people.

By then the momentum of protest was increasing on all sides. The Ulster Monday Club prepared a statement condemning the six for being prepared "to sit down with such bloodstained bandits"; and Mr Stan Orme, leading Tribune campaigner of the Left, stepped in to add to the Tories' embarrassment by claiming that he was "appalled" at the projected meeting, which implied that no political settlement could be reached without IRA consent.

But by seven o'clock the Government and Whips were back in command and the six had gone underground.



Sunday Times artist Peter Sullivan's sketch on what the new car will probably look like.

BRM enter the luxury car market

By Maxwell Boyd
Motoring Correspondent

TWO OF the best-known names in British motor racing—Aston Martin and BRM—are joining forces to build a high-performance, luxury car which will be unique in the British motor industry.

Following recent design trends in Europe, the new model will be a mid-engined, two-seater coupé with a V12-cylinder engine of about three-litre capacity, mounted behind the driver but forward of the rear wheels. Its top speed is likely to be more than 150 mph and sales will be aimed at the section of the luxury sports car market which is currently dominated by Italian models such as the Ferrari Dino.

Its likely price is about £4,000.

Aston Martin expect to build about 3,000 a year of the new model—so far un-named—though production plans are still only on paper and the car is not expected to appear until 1974.

The engine and five-speed gearbox will be built by BRM, probably at their workshops in Luton, Lincolnshire, and car assembled by Aston Martin at Newport. Pamell BRM (British Racing Motors), which since 1952 has been part of the Owen Organisation engineering group, has always concentrated on building racing cars, most of them for their own Grand Prix team. Although often approached, they have always refused to participate in the production of a road car on a large scale.

Aston Martin, a subsidiary of the David Brown engineering group, quit the racing scene in 1959 and have built mainly high-performance and high-priced sports cars since.

But recent reorganisation of BRM under its new managing director, Mr Louis Stanley, calls for expansion to make the company completely self-sufficient.

And Aston Martin, also with a recently-appointed managing director, Mr Malcolm Montgomery, must produce more and cheaper cars to survive.

At present it builds only 400 to 500 cars a year, mostly of the DBS V8 model, price £7,800 each.

Yesterday, Mr Stanley said:

"Aston Martin and BRM, under the leadership of the strongest and most skilled engineering, sales and design teams in the country. We aim to outdo Ferrari on every score you can think of."

How an £18 man gets a £3.10 rise and is 30p poorer

ERIC JACOB
INDUSTRIAL NOTEBOOK

real increase is not 7 per cent.

The reason why the pay goes up is that the cash-in-hand does not go so quickly as the level of tax. The man will choose to go up and not family income. Supply (FTS) to go down. The man with four children will find that his £1.50 pay rise must be lost of £60 in FTS and an inc of 45p in his taxes.

The man with three children will lose from his rise 80 FTS and 15p in taxes and man with four children will lose 80p in FTS, though he had not a rise at all.

Admittedly, this is an extreme and somewhat singular example.

But it summarises the point that the present complex of benefits and taxes at the lower ends of the income scales can diminish and even reverse whatever a man's union struggles to get for him.

We can grasp how this works by taking a look at the current state of play in the mammoth negotiations that cover the pay of some three-quarters of a million men and women in local government—the dustmen, sewage workers, town hall porters and so forth. The employers have offered a package that totals up to 7 per cent and the unions have rejected it with indignation.

The unions say—and it is a fair point—that 7 per cent is not enough to match the rise in the cost of living since their last rise. They do not, however, go on to point out the real shortcomings of this and any other imaginable offer will have for their poorest members.

It works like this. The bottom 10 per cent of full-time male workers in local government gross £18 a week or less.

But there is a problem for unions to face too. Their claim is £2-a-week rise in basic pay for men and the bath of the men is £1.50 per week for a man earning £18.

If such a man were unmarried he would find his net earnings going from £13.67 to £14.68, if he married without children from £14.70 to £15.72. In both cases, the increase would indeed be around 7 per cent, as advertised.

But as soon as our man starts having children he will find the advantage of his pay rise decreasing.

With four children his increase would be worth 68p; with three, 51p, and with two, a mere 37p. (It is assumed in these examples that all children are under 11, and one is under school age.) In each case the

The examples in this story are from Poverty Action Group.

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Poppy Day aims for £1.5 million

Despite a shortage of collectors, British Legion officials were optimistic yesterday that they would achieve their £1.5 million Poppy Appeal target. But even so the Legion will be drawing on its reserves to maintain its current expenditure on jobs, education, convalescence and rest homes, housing and caring for the sick and meeting other emergency requirements for ex-Service people in need.

"We are spending £200,000 a year more than we receive in public donations," said General Sir Charles Jones, the President of the Legion which is having its 50th anniversary year.

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63 years in the mail

ANNAH KNOWLES is a frail five feet tall, you amuse her from big spectacles, and for 63 years has been trudging miles a day around in the Lake District carrying mail as an auxiliary an...

"she says. "A lot to ask me that, I don't know." Despite a touch in her right knee and the Office's plan to cut short, she sees no reason she could not continue to do indefinitely.

It was 18 when she first a mail bag for four bob and reckons she must have walked more than miles, in all weathers. She earns nearly £4 for a week, but insists that it's just the money that's working. "It's part of," she says, relaxed by four fire in the cottage with two cats.

thing that did vex her was the postal strike—a strike itself, which joined in a gesture of that some thought out-
er, but the fact that her auxiliary in Eskdale, a maker, went on report-duty and drawing his pay. She was awarded the BEM and on the wall near the other clock hands a framed signed by the Queen "that I was unable you personally the award you have so well

surreptitious at having down the invitation to the Palace. "It's not that I didn't like to meet the she says. "It's Londoner fancied."



Hannah takes a short-cut along Eskdale's narrow-gauge railway

Story: Michael Moynihan Picture: Michael Ward

Whitelaw makes Walker alk on the water

CONSERVATISM, represented by Sir Whitelaw (Leader of the House), is winning a Whitley battle against pure environmentalism, represented by Mr Walker (Secretary of State for Environment). Mr wants to reorganise bodies which have anything to do with people who live near rivers—people who are out of town, people dirty water back in again huge bodies doing all jobs. Traditionalists in binet, with Mr Whitelaw at head, will have none of it. Walker must walk before run.

Walker will make a statement in the House before the month in which he will acknowledge defeat, expected to say that multi-purpose water authorities remain, but only attainable process of evolution over 15 years. Till then we must wait with some tidying up present single-purpose. But the details are not clear. The details are not

By John Whaley
White Paper in the new year. The reason why Mr Walker and Mr Graham Page (Minister for Local Government and Development) and all their senior officials wanted to settle this difficult argument in favour of big bodies—10 for the whole of England and Wales, as against more than 1,500 now—was to simplify national planning of a scarce resource and cut out conflicts of interest.

But at a Cabinet committee meeting in July, the Walker plan was blocked by a weighty coalition which appears to have included Mr Whitelaw, Mr Reginald Maudling (Home Secretary), Mr Peter Thomas (Welsh Secretary) and Mr James Prior (Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food). Mr Prior was looking after the farmers. In return for a rate, farmers with certain streams or rivers on their land get very useful bank maintenance work done by the river authorities, whose membership is weighted in favour of the countryside. They are afraid that multipurpose water authorities would have a town bias and spend some of their drain-

age money on town sewage schemes instead.

The opposition of other Ministers was rather more doctrinaire. Of the 158 water undertakings, most are local council concerns; but 33 are statutory companies—meeting statutory obligations, but privately owned. They are for the most part efficient. In the Walker plan they would all have disappeared into huge public bodies.

Could a Conservative Government, Mr Whitelaw is believed to have asked, nationalise efficient private-enterprise concerns? Murmurs of shock and horror.

There was another point, too. The proposed regional water authorities would take power away from the local river authorities (29 in number) in just the same way as the Walker local government plan (to be debated this week) annihilates the little local councils. Enough was enough. Mr Whitelaw had helped save the Cumberland River Authority (he sits for Penrith and the Border) from amalgamation with Lancashire in 1963, and had no wish to start all over again.

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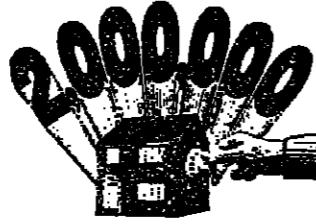
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Pacemaker helps the paralysed

By a Medical Correspondent
AN ELECTRONIC pacemaker which can be implanted in the neck has brought new life to 11 paralysed patients. Previously they were able to breathe only with the help of an iron lung—a mechanical respirator attached to a tube in the windpipe. Now they can breathe normally.

One of the patients, a medical conference in Boston was told, was severely injured in a 180 mph car racing accident and for seven months had to use a respirator. But after pacemakers were inserted in his neck he was able to go home and lead a normal life.

In the accident the man's spinal cord was damaged in the neck region, interrupting impulses from the brain which pass to two nerves—the phrenic nerves to the diaphragm and other breathing muscles. The transistor pacemakers were attached to the phrenic nerves and by applying electric impulses to them stimulated the diaphragm, causing it to contract. The pacemakers are thus acting in the same way as the breathing control centres in the brain.

This man has now been living an independent life for nine months. The batteries which drive the pacemakers have a life of 18 months but will be renewed after 12 months for safety.

The diaphragm pacemaker technique described this week in General Practitioner, has been developed by Professor W. L. Glenn of Yale University. It has been used on patients who suffer breathing difficulty for various reasons.

Apart from accidental injury the breathing control centres in the brain stem or the hind brain may be damaged by a blood clot or infection. Such damage may prevent normal breathing reflexes without damaging the phrenic nerves which go to the diaphragm.

Both phrenic nerves, one passing down each side of the body, must remain undamaged for the pacemaker technique to work. Stimulation of a single nerve for more than 18 hours exhausts it, making a period of recovery necessary. Continuous breathing is obtained by using the pacemaker to stimulate the two nerves alternatively.

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WHEN Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the Foreign and Commonwealth Secretary, starts negotiating with Mr Ian Smith, the Rhodesian Prime Minister, in Salisbury this week, he will be discussing the remaining disputed points within the framework of the Five Principles he himself established in his previous negotiations with Mr Smith in 1964.

The fifth principle requires any settlement to be acceptable to the people of Rhodesia as a whole, which of course includes the five million Rhodesian Africans. The last time any British Minister had a chance of getting to see an African acceptance of a proposed settlement was almost exactly three years ago, just after the Wilson-Smith five-day negotiation on board the Fearless at Gibraltar.

On November 7, 1968, Mr George Thomson, Minister without Portfolio, and Mr Maurice Foley, Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, were in Salisbury, where the Smith Government produced for them Rhodesia's two main rival African political leaders. They were Joshua Nkomo, now 54, President of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), and the Rev. Nkemba Sithole, President of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU). Sithole also had with him his party's Vice-President, Leopold Takawira, and Secretary-General, Robert Magabe.

Nkomo, who had spent the previous four years in the Gokakudzingwa restriction area near the Mozambique border, one of the hottest and most inhospitable areas of Central Africa, had been flown to Salisbury for the meeting. Sithole had been brought from Salisbury jail.

The conversations between the two British ministers and the

four detained African leaders was by all accounts a humiliating experience, as the ministers themselves confessed to the Africans. The British had had to insist on the talk taking place out in the open, as a precaution against "bugging." The group sat under a small tree.

No record appears to have been kept of the meeting with Nkomo, which came first, but the talk with Sithole was recorded. Derek Ingram, Managing Editor of Gemini News Service and a well-known writer on Commonwealth affairs, has obtained the record of that talk, hitherto secret. It discloses an astonishing degree of British helplessness, frankly admitted by the ministers when the Africans

vainly pressed them for military intervention by Britain. Here are key excerpts from the record as reported by Ingram:

● SITHOLE was asked if he had seen the proposals. He said: "Only the bits and pieces published in the newspapers." Foley then fetched a Hansard and a copy of the Rhodesian White Paper containing the Fearless discussions.

Thomson said: "You probably think they amount to a deal between white men and white men. Once we decided force would not be used, consequences followed that were unfavourable to Maurice and me. If we had the same power as France had in relation to Algeria we would have

used force. . . . The proposals are not ideal. The real thing is that half a loaf is better than no bread at all."

Foley drew attention to the fifth principle. "There must be," he said, "first exist in the country freedom of political activity. . . ."

Sithole argued: "You have pro-

ceeded from the principle of inde-

pendence before majority rule,

whereas you should have pro-

ceeded from the principle of

majority rule before independ-

ence. We cannot explain your purpose to

our people at all, nor can we

explain to them that the British

Government cannot really use

force. They won't believe us. If

Swaziland had been invaded be-

fore it became independent, be-

fore Britain had sat back?"

Thomson: "In Swaziland we had an army and a police force. We would certainly have put down any rebellion. We had army officers and big ranking administrators have ha-

white weddings. In an angry report on the 'ideological blank spot' of provincial newspaper, Tols Megyei Neplap, has revealed that in the Szekesfehervar region many people still prefer to get married or bury their dead to traditional words of a priest.

Even army officers and big

ranking administrators have ha-

white weddings.

In a quarter of century of atheist propagand

many people still prefer to ge

married or bury their dead to tradi

tional words of a priest.

Even army officers and big

ranking administrators have ha-

white weddings.

Mugabe: "Are the prospects as

you see them really that South

Africa would fight here if you

used force?"

Thomson: "I have no doubt

that they would fight. I have had

several meetings with South

African officials and I am left in

no doubt that South Africa would

fight."

After one and a half hours,

the meeting ended. The ZANU

prisoners were driven back to

jail, and Nkomo was flown back

to Gonakudzingwa. Shortly after

wards it became clear that both leaders had re-

jected the proposals.

IT IS KNOWN that Sir Alec

Douglas-Home has given

assurances by Mr Smith that he

will be able to see anyone he

wants in Rhodesia during his

visit, and it is probable he will

tell Mr Smith tomorrow that he

wants to see Nkomo and Sithole.

It remains to be seen whether

Sir Alec will talk to them in a

place where the meeting can be

"bugged," and whether he too

will be offering them half a loaf

as being better than no bread at

all.

Takawira: "You are going

to see them really that South

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What makes Lindsay run for President

Stephen Fay catches up with the non-stop Mayor of New York

LINDSAY, Mayor of New York in the back seat of a Cadillac as it sped to the airport in Washington, was 11.10 am and he had been up five hours; flown to Washington, an important political held a small Press conference, and eaten a late breakfast. Now he was going to New York to talk to veterans. During afternoon, he would finally work at City Hall, and that night he was to speak at a

"silly, this kind of rule," he said. "It wears us out; it costs too much." "Why does he do it?" "Because thing politicians say they the most, but they need most—competition," he said. And last week, John gave notice of his likely into the hardest political institution.

satisfied with running New York is almost certainly going for the only job in the country that is harder, the of the United States. is why the schedule is so

red, many New Yorkers it is too hard. "It is ex-

remely doubtful that he can run from a phone booth in Haute, Indiana by speaking notes with members of the staff," sniffed the New York on Wednesday. That was day after Lindsay had decided that Dick Aurelio, his mayor, was leaving to for just what are the Mayor's of becoming the Democratic nominee for theency.

Aurelio wants Lindsay to run, even aides always do because candidate is their ticket to ington, too. But they are together blind to the size idas's gamble.

's a long uphill battle," says his Press secretary, Tom. "But a month ago, they 1,000-1. Three months ago, the Mayor was not even in.

candidate himself is re-

candid about his

It he does run—and he

istent that he is not yet

ly certain that he will

will win only if the condi-

re right. "The better

is doing, the better chance

he can win only if the

candidates give up because

Nixon is unbeatable."

Washington last Thursday

Lindsay outlined to a

but patient audience of

that he thought it

be done. It was his first

to a party audience in the

since his political conver-

August, but they were

ing him as a presidential

Muskie, McGovern and

they had been invited too.

was clearly nervous, but he

see that he always is. "I

myself, couldn't you just

and have a cup of coffee

where instead of doing

couple of jokes got the mayor

("I just won New York

for the Democrats after five

In the towns and villages be-



Chile sees the new Castro

IN EMERGING from Cuba for the first time in nearly eight years, to visit Chile, Fidel Castro on Wednesday also emerged full-dress for the first time into what for him is a new revolutionary role.

Prime Minister Castro, freshened by a Daiquiri and a bath from the rigours of his reception at Santiago's Pudahuel Airport and the 25-mile motorcade ride to the Cuban ambassador's residence here, exhibited the new Fidel to the journalists in the patio. One of them asked him why the USSR's Aeroflot Ilyushin 18 which flew him out of Havana to Santiago had not made the reported stopover in Lima so that he could chat for an hour or so with Peruvian president Juan Velasco Alvarado.

It was not included in the protocol," said Castro, now minus his kepi. "For me protocol is

change in the wording of the illuminating sign which had long admonished airline passengers:

"Armed battle is the only road to liberation." Now the word "only" has been dropped.

Dr Castro turned his back on foreign travel in 1964, the year

the Organisation of American States (OAS) declared its

economic and diplomatic boycott



In Santiago: Castro the puritan and Allende "the political bra"

President Allende's methods, tactics and strategy in fact are bourgeois as he is himself, and there is more than a little bourgeois cleverness in his inviting of Dr Castro at this time. In both the political and economic spheres

Dr Allende can use whatever

benefits may be gleaned

The two houses in Chile's Congress are both controlled by the opposition, and on Thursday Dr Allende tabled a draft for the reform of the constitution which would create a single-chamber parliament that almost certainly would be controlled by the regime.

The new, circumspect Fidel was especially cautious here on the subject of the November 28 general election in Uruguay from which Gen. Leopoldo Seregni, "a red general," has a chance

although not a very good one, according to the polls—of emerging president.

If I had to vote in Uruguay in the next elections," said Dr Castro during that impromptu news conference in the patio of the Cuban ambassador's residence, "I would vote for the Frente Amplio." The Frente Amplio is Gen. Seregni's "broad front" coalition of parties, including the Communist Party.

On arriving in the Cuban Ripon Winkle has demonstrated that he knows what has been going on during his eight years of hibernation.

It is being said of Dr Allende

these days in Chile that he is much like a brassiere in that he oppresses the opulent, uplifts the fallen and deceives the unwary. The Chilean idiom is strongly sex-associated, and there is something instructive in the Santiago newstand which display banners proclaiming "Bienvenida Fidel"—Fidel being the

Richard Lindley

reports from Chile

against Cuba. Since then there

in the Left's push for power in South America, changes which made it impossible for the Prime Minister to show his ferocious beard again on the continent while still sustaining his "only road" thesis.

The most sophisticated development, of course, took place here in Chile just a year and a week ago when Salvador Allende, a Marxist Socialist, was inaugurated constitutional president. On the eve of his first year in power, as he anticipated the arrival of Dr Castro, Dr Allende told an American television correspondent, I am a personal friend of Fidel Castro, but his methods, tactics and strategy are different from mine."

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More ghosts than people in dictator Karume's Zanzibar

DAVID HOLDEN reports
on the pain
in Julius Nyerere's neck

pital and experts for the island farms—and the only sign I saw or heard of a naval base was a couple of decrepit-looking motor torpedo boats of indefinite nationality bobbing at anchor near an army barracks off an otherwise deserted beach.

"Him" was, of course, Sheikh Rashid Abed Karume, former merchant seaman, boss of Zanzibar and for the past eight years your only lawmaker for one of the most bizarre little states of black Africa. Some of Zanzibar's eccentricities—if that is the right word—have been exaggerated from time to time. The Chinese presence on the island, for example, is still sometimes spoken of with bated breath as if it was about to turn Zanzibar into a centre of subversion for the whole of Africa and a Maoist naval base for the Indian Ocean as well.

Certainly nobody else has got much joy out of his regime—least of all, perhaps, the country of which Zanzibar is supposedly a part. Strictly speaking it is the island half of President Julius Nyerere's Federal Republic of Tanzania, in which Sheikh Karume enjoys the title of Vice-President.

The FACT is that Sheikh Karume has never taken the Federation seriously since the day he entered it in 1964, after he and his Afro-Shirazi Party had bloodily thrown out the Zanzibar Sultan's old government. For him it has been strictly a marriage of convenience. For Nyerere, struggling to reconcile his idealistic vision of African unity with the reality of Karume's weird excesses, it has been strictly a pain in the neck. As things stand now it will probably go on that way for as far ahead as anyone can see.



Karume: some Chinese eggs in his basket

Zanzibar's probably not quite the most oppressive black regime in Africa. President Sékou Touré's rule in Guinea might win that palm if anyone cared to award it. But it is certainly well up the list; and after eight years of Karume the island and its people have acquired a decidedly haunted look. Zanzibar town, in fact, seems to have more ghosts than people—a phenomenon easily explained by the fact that barely one tenth of the 300,000 thousand Indians, Arabs and Persians who once gave the place its distinctive, exotic, seaport flavour are now left to tell the tale. The rest have fled in the past few years, harried by Karume's most obsessive eccentricity—a desire for revenge against the people who once exploited his black brothers.

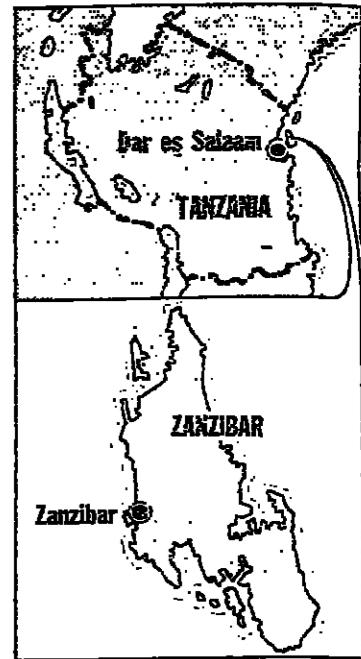
They have left behind alley after narrow alley of shuttered shops and empty houses. Here and there African families have moved into what used to be the Asian bazaar and still at night you can hear a lonely and despairing burst of Indian music whining from some narrow window overhead. But mostly the streets are silent, the great carved Arab doors that were the pride of Zanzibar's prosperity are bolted fast and a sullen lassitude like a shroud upon the town.

Into this thick atmosphere of defeat Sheikh Karume and his colleagues erupt spasmodically with an inconsequent mixture of ruthlessness, ignorance and occasional good intentions reminiscent of the Mafia at a funeral service. Their most notorious eruption, last year, overwhelmed four innocent Persian girls who—against a rumble of international protest as well as the fervent prayers of their parents—were forcibly married to members of the regime, apparently in accordance with the Karume principle that Asians

should learn to suffer as the Africans once did. The Asians are still suffering. In the three weeks before I arrived, more than 350 remaining families—probably 1,500 people—had been given their marching orders, whether they were legally citizens of Zanzibar or not. Parents were relieved to find that, unlike some previous occasions, the regime was ready to be merciful. Their children could go with them—but only on a ransom basis. Payment was required, reportedly up to as much as £1,000 per child, according to age and education, in "compensation" for the schooling the State had been graciously pleased to afford them.

The Africans in Zanzibar, also, have a somewhat less than riotous time. Sheikh Karume is strong on puritanical ideas of self-help, and if that means that he and his friends sometimes help themselves to the girls (the leader has added three more wives to the one he started with when he seized power) it means for lesser Africans hard labour and short commons. Sheikh Karume has some £20 million in foreign reserves, much of it in the Moscow Narodny Bank in London, of all places, but he declines to spend it on food for his people. His view is that what they can't buy they will be forced to grow, which will be very good for their souls and bodies alike.

But so far it has not quite worked out like that. For the past four months sugar, rice and flour



Zanzibar: a marriage of convenience with Tanzania.

Sheikh Karume was personally responsible, having swopped up a bit of architecture somewhere or his seaman's way. Certainly he seems anxious to claim responsibility for the plan to house the entire population of Zanzibar in 10 such urban agglomerations (which seems rather hard to square with his other idea that everyone should be out digging in the fields). Who actually is building the blocks however, is very clear: the people who, by degree, must give up two half-days a week to the necessary labour and who may be seen a hard at it as the Zanzibar climate allows by anyone who cares to go and watch them.

Theirs is a noble effort: but without wishing to carp I must declare that if the work I saw was representative I would no longer live in the finished structure on THE OTHER HAND, in one shop I could find that sold imported foods and household goods (state-owned, of course, as befits the ruler's style of "African socialism") an erratic mixture of the mundane and the exotic was on display for eager buyers. Windolene, Spam and Blue Band margarine jostled on the shelves with French champagne and Chinese brandies at £3 a bottle. Cigarettes, however, were not available. Unless you have influence in Zanzibar nowadays, you need to fly to Dar-es-Salaam to buy those.

To be fair, one must record Sheikh Karume's social achievements. Everyone in Zanzibar is entitled now to ten years of free education, even if there are distressingly few teachers left to provide it; and one of these days everyone will—or should—be entitled to free housing as well.

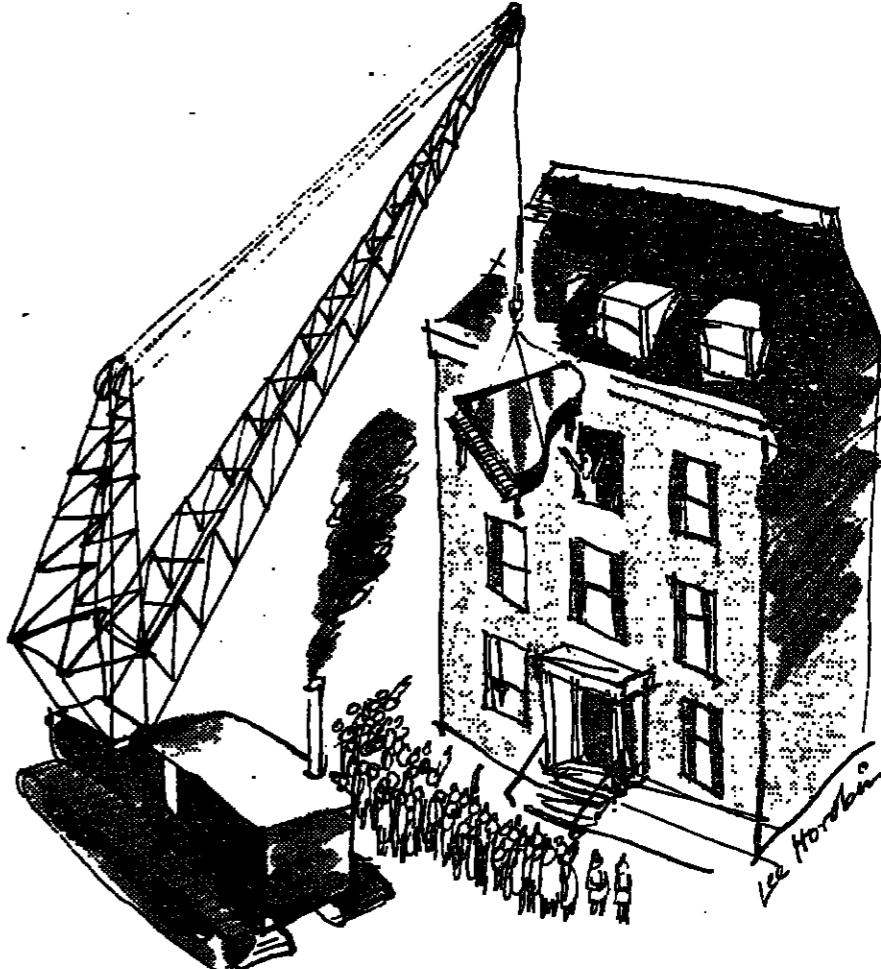
Some lucky people have already got it. The most immediately impressive sight on the island is not, as one man suggested to me, that of the Chinese Consul's formidable wife trotting plumply to the post office every evening in search of mail from home, but the rows of new self-help apartment blocks on the outskirts of Zanzibar town.

Who designed these imposing boxes nobody seems quite sure,

but there are dark rumours that

the man who did it is just no joke at all.

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Suits versus Savile Row

VINCENT a Prufrock article (of a £150 Savile suit, Mr Ronald Ely wrote us last week) to say that "wholesale bespoke trade suits just as good for a lot of the cost. This claim is contested below by Mr Misener, a Savile Row tailor and Mr Lewis Orde, of the Tailor & Cutler."

ED are Mr Misener's latest Savile Row suit on Friday, and Mr Ely a product of the Leeds bespoke trade.

urchaser of Savile Row for many years, and also knowledge of the tailors. I would like to say that his loyalty to the city of Mr Ronald Ely (Letters, k) is really talking nonsense. Even to compare a suit Savile Row to one made in Leeds, is almost akin to comparing a Dior gown with a chain store.

Savile Row suit is made individually of the customer who is not allowed to unless it be to the satisfaction of the tailor or himself, the number of fittings.

This of course adds to the cost for the tailor must insist against alterations.

users are cut and fitted

tailors have customers all over the world from USA and in order six suits at a time, many of these firms send relatives to America to take fittings and take

is world famous for well-made manufactured garments, if they are, as stated, as Savile Row, it would be interesting to learn why most top executives of these nations have their personal made in Savile Row.

Lawrence Misener

Maidenhead

he editor, The Tailor & Cutler

Y pointed out that the cost of the £150 suit is fact, it is 50 per cent, should make his feelings agrin and despair even

ly then claimed that such could be made in Leeds



Peter Dulie



Barry Wilkin

DENTISTS: The patients are being blackmailed

I WAS interested but disturbed to read Tony Dawe and Ken Anderson's article on dentistry and the National Health Service (last week). Since becoming a member of the dental profession I have become more and more ashamed of the practice by too many of its members, of blackmailing the public into accepting private treatment.

As well as there being an agreement among dentists in some areas to boycott certain NHS services (usually dentures, as reported by your investigation), individual dentists may influence their patients by vaguely implying that certain services are not available on the NHS. In fact the NHS will approve most services but such dentists are reluctant to do any but the most easily profitable NHS work.

Another sales technique is to lead the patients to believe that they will be getting a vastly superior treatment by paying privately when frequently, if there is a difference in quality, it is slight, and some dentists operating under the NHS, because of their individual skills, produce work significantly superior to some private treatment.

I hope your article causes some potential private patients to think again before being persuaded by high-power sales techniques into parting with their money for treatment which may not be superior to that obtained, for a fraction of the cost, from a NHS dentist.

Peter Haydn Smith Oadby

for £7. This could be done, he said, without three fittings, by an organisation he referred to as "the wholesale bespoke trade." That, itself, is a contradiction in terms: a proper bespoke tailor is one who measures and produces everything through to the final product on the premises. What Mr Ely called a wholesale bespoke trade is, in fact, known in the clothing industry as cut, make and trim, a service which will make up clothing to a measure sent in by a retailer who professes to run a bespoke section in his shop.

Apart from Mr Ely's misuse of words, he is also grossly mistaken that suits made in Leeds for £7 are of equal quality to those made in Savile Row. For the Leeds-type, cut, make and trim suit, usually three or four people form part of a chain to the factory from the retailer and back, each with his own interpretation of what is needed. The customer

usually finishes looking like every other person on the street who has his suits made in Leeds. In a true bespoke business, every customer is catered for as an individual, and so, finally, looks like an individual.

Nothing on earth will ever look like a proper bespoke suit. Some people feel that to retain a semblance of individuality today, price is no object.

Lewis S Orde

FOR 20 years I have endeavoured to provide the fully comprehensive service which I believe to be the right of every patient who makes a compulsory contribution for that purpose.

Remand cases at Holloway

From the chairman, Holloway Prison Visiting Committee of Magistrates

YOUR article on the problems of prisoners remanded to Holloway for reports (last week) misrepresents the efforts being made to find a solution. Contrary to your headline, the Home Office never gives advice to magistrates; the duty of the Executive is to provide facilities for the implementation of the legal sentences imposed by magistrates.

The Holloway Prison Visiting Committee of Magistrates welcomed unreservedly the initiative of the Home Office and the prison authorities in opening the outpatient psychiatric clinic and are disappointed at the slender use so far made of it. But it is as yet only a pilot scheme, and referrals to it have been deliberately confined to three London courts only, Bow Street, Marylebone and West London.

The accusation that women are sent to prison on remand just for a taste of punishment is as hard to refute as it is to prove. There was, however, a widespread belief among magistrates and probation officers that whereas a psychiatric report on a defendant could be obtained in three weeks from a prison, it would take from six to eight weeks to get it from an outside hospital or consultant. A member of the Visiting Committee therefore has, with the agreement of the Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, compiled a list of all consultant psychiatrists who would find it possible to see patients remanded on bail, giving an appointment, a consultation and a written assessment within three weeks. The courts pay a fee of £5 to £8 for this service.

This list has been circulated to all courts in the Inner London area and we hope that it, too, will help to reduce the number of women defendants on remand in Holloway.

Maria Sedgwick

London NW3

Octobriana

AS PUBLISHER and literary agent of Petr Sadecky, the subject of William Shawcross' article "There's More to Octobriana" (Spectrum, last week) may we say that we have both known and worked with Petr Sadecky for some time. We have followed through his story in every detail. He has answered all the various attacks on him with ease and openness. There are no remaining mysteries.

His conduct under fire has been consistent in every way with that of an entirely honest and straightforward person of high intelligence, whose head may be somewhat in the clouds at times, but who has never given us a moment's cause to doubt him, and in whose account we have complete faith.

Any reader who has any doubts about the authenticity of Sadecky's Octobriana material should please write personally to either of us c/o Tom Stacey Ltd, 28 Maud Lane, London WC2, London WC2.

Tom Stacey, Josef Josten,

London, WC2

Tter Remembrance

AY is Remembrance Day. In

first few years after our

husbands were killed our

ess was mingled with pride,

we received plaques saying:

ur King and Country offer

sincere sympathy and grate

thanks for your Supreme

service.

ie posthumous "reward" was

War Widows pension. But

we were forced to become

breadwinners with no equal

is of pay, this pitiable was

d to our earnings, and for

our purposes we were classed

single women.

Liverpool 23

Peter Dulie

Barry Wilkin

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

The days with Mr Smith

From the Rt Hon George Thomson, MP

I DO NOT understand how Nicholas Carroll can claim (last week) that Sir Alec Douglas-Home is "prepared to spend far longer in serious negotiations with Mr Smith than Mr Wilson spent . . ." The last round of talks conducted by the Labour Government began with 30 hours of discussion on Fearless—conducted at Prime Minister level—and Foreign Secretary level—and were continued by me as Commonwealth Secretary in Salisbury for a period of 12 days.

Far from "negotiating against a November 10 deadline," as Mr Carroll implies we did, Mr Wilson insisted that after eight days of discussion I left Salisbury during the anniversary of UDI and returned for a further period.

Mr Wilson ensured throughout that no time limit was set and I left only when both sides were agreed that no useful purpose could be served by my staying.

I wish the Foreign Secretary better fortune than I enjoyed in achieving a settlement acceptable to the African population and genuinely guaranteeing their unimpeded progress to majority rule. But the obstacle in my time was not any deadline by Mr Wilson; it was the obduracy of Mr Smith.

George Thomson

London SW1

Readee's letter

I WAS shocked to see the head-line "Escapes Arrested" (last week). The use of the suffix "ee" in such words as divorcee and internee clearly indicated the person to whom something has been done. But "escaper"? What is wrong with "escaper"? Do you buy your bread from the baker or your meat from the butcher?

(Mrs) P M Hooper

Lymington

"It's one of the things that never ceases to amaze our customers."

"What?" they say. "You mean there's actually a way to get houses finished on time?"

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They don't delay us because they're dry finished. Decoration can start as soon as they're up.

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we point out to customers. Or with walls cracking once they've moved in and turned on the heating to dry the place out.

Fuel bills will be less too because there's better thermal insulation.

Finally, almost without fail, comes their question:

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(A member of the BPB Industries Group)

SPECTRUM

ACADEMICS

Dons defend sources

JOURNALISTS have long since established the right to protect their sources of information. But in America academic researchers are having to fight for similar treatment.

One crucial scientist, Professor Samuel Popkin of Harvard University, says: "The Government is using grand juries now in the way congressional investigative committees were used in the 1950s."

Popkin, together with an influential group of American scholars, is hoping to head off the threat of latter-day McCarthyism by extending to university researchers a reporters' right not to answer questions which would expose their sources. So far he has not had much luck.

Three university teachers have been subpoenaed by the grand jury investigating the alleged leak of the Pentagon papers to the New York Times by Daniel Ellsberg, and all three—Popkin, Noam Chomsky, the MIT linguist, and Richard Falk, international law professor at Princeton—have refused to testify on matters relating even marginally to their government contacts. A group of 23 professors—including J. K. Galbraith and two ex-presidents of the American Political Science Association—have filed supporting affidavits.

The American grand jury is like a magistrates' court; it decides whether there is enough evidence to justify an indictment. It sits in secret, and none of the testimony that leads to its conclusions is made public. It sounds as though no threat is implicit in its proceedings, but

Stephen Fay

Popkin reacts like a newspaper reporter and claims that the simple fact of a researcher's presence at a secret tribunal will prejudice future attempts to elicit confidential information.

The Harvard community has apparently closed ranks behind Popkin and his colleagues, but the Nixon administration is unhappy about the journalists' right to protect their sources, without wanting to extend it to academics as well.

Last week it was revealed that the prestigious Council on Foreign Relations had broken ranks. The Council publishes the annual Foreign Affairs and holds seminars at which government officials and academics discuss their subjects confidentially.

Under the threat of a subpoena from the Boston grand jury they released the text of a lecture, given by Ellsberg a year ago, to the FBI who, in turn, delivered it to Boston.

William Bundy, an aide to President Johnson and the editor designate of Foreign Affairs, admits that Ellsberg's paper—entitled Escalation as a Military Strategy in Limited War—"had nothing to do with the Pentagon Papers that I could detect." Arthur Goldberg, ex-Supreme Court justice, said that he was "shocked and surprised" at the Council's decision. Asked to comment on Goldberg's response, a spokesman for the Council ironically retorted that he was unable to do so because there is a Council policy on confidentiality."

AT THE AGE of two weeks a child appears to be an almost entirely passive creature with approximately two discernible functions—sleeping and eating. But in fact the way he sees the objects around him has already reached a maturity which would astonish his doting parents, to say nothing of those experts who believe that a baby does not begin to display intelligent reactions until he is at least six weeks old.

In the latest of a series of experiments by Dr Tom Bower, lecturer in psychology at Edinburgh University, who has reached back further than most researchers into the early formings of a child's mind, the ability of very young children to perceive and react to solid objects was drastically reassessed. Dr Bower was questioning the traditional theory that babies learn about the solidity of objects through experience—by touching them, and by associating the feel with what they look like.

For instance, children of between 16 and 24 weeks will reach out for an object and when they grasp it expect it to be solid. Dr Bower was able to establish this by showing that when they were presented with a simulated object which looked real but was intangible the children were upset and alarmed as their fingers closed on thin air; their expectation had not been realised.

He concluded that this co-ordination between touch and vision had been learnt earlier—but how much earlier?

Early investigations* almost convinced him that he had pinpointed an age early enough for the co-ordination to be absent. The research team took a group of more than 40 children in the second week of life and moved objects towards their faces. They used objects large and small, at different speeds, some accompanied by noise, others silent. Reaction was non-existent. The children did not even blink.

At that point, however, Dr Bower came across evidence which suggested that children

under two weeks old are never fully awake while they are lying on their backs. Since no one could expect defensive behaviour from a child who is half-asleep, the experiments were repeated with the children held in upright or semi-upright position. Immediately the responses changed.

When the object approached, the children pulled their heads back, put up their hands, and were so obviously distressed that the experiments had to be called off.

Clearly by this early age the children possessed an instinctive knowledge: the objects were solid, and to be avoided.

Dr Bower concludes that we have to re-examine some of our ideas about a child's development:

"In our culture it is unlikely that an infant less than two weeks old has been hit in the face by an approaching object, so that none of the infants in the study could have been exposed to situations where they could have learned to fear an approaching object and expect it to have tactile qualities. We can only conclude that in man there is a primitive unity of the senses... and that this unity is built into the structure of the human nervous system."

Nevertheless an important change in the way children see things does occur, Dr Bower found, at about four months.

Almost all children, however young, have the capacity to follow a moving object with their eyes. They will watch it as it moves along in front of them, and even anticipate its reappearance from behind a screen which hides its progress for a few seconds.

Dr Bower added a complication to this particular experiment. He produced an object—a small white doll—and moved it in front of the children in a straight line along a track. It then went

behind a screen and at the moment when it should have emerged from the other side of the screen a totally different object (a stylised red lion) emerged.

The younger children followed the movement of the doll, and then when it emerged from behind the screen as a lion continued to track its progress with no sign of surprise that it should have changed shape and size.

The older children, however (more than four months) reacted differently. They followed the progress of the doll, and then tracked the lion as it emerged. But they then looked back to the other side of the screen as if they were looking for the original object, the doll.

From this, and similar experiments, Dr Bower concludes that older children have learned to recognise an object by its features rather than by its place or movement.

And in order to emphasise this, Dr Bower ran one more experiment. He produced a series of mirrors in which a young child saw two or three images of his mother.

Children less than five months happily responded with smiles, coos and arm-waving, to each mother in turn. Although they recognised the mother's features, they recognised her only as one of many identical mothers. In other words they did not go one step further and identify the multiple images of the mother as belonging to one and the same person.

The older children, however, while responding to the real mother, were positively upset at seeing more than one image of her. Because they identify objects by features, says Dr Bower, they know they have only one mother.

"The attainment is obviously one of tremendous significance," he writes. "It transforms the perceptual world of the infant at one stroke into something very close to the perceptual world of the adult."

Magnus Linklater

*Reported in *Scientific American*, Oct. 1971.

PARASITES

Bug with a lousy image

PEDICULUS HUMANUS *capitis* is a transparent insect crystalline appearance which clean, highly adapted to its environment and entrancing study down the microscope. spite of the fact that they familiar little beasts do one about them. That may prove unfortunate: *P. humanus* the house—and it is on increase.

Exactly how many people affected is hard to say. A report published in 1965, the figure as high as a million human carriers in Britain. Reports from Teesside London suggest the figure above that now. The Department of Education estimates the of schoolchildren as 200,000, that takes no account of the that are missed, and the less pre-school children, and teenagers who are affected.

Teachers, too: one headmistress told me she regularly shampoos her hair with a medicated lotion because of the number of ticks she contracts pediculosis from



pupils, and many teachers at time or another become carriers.

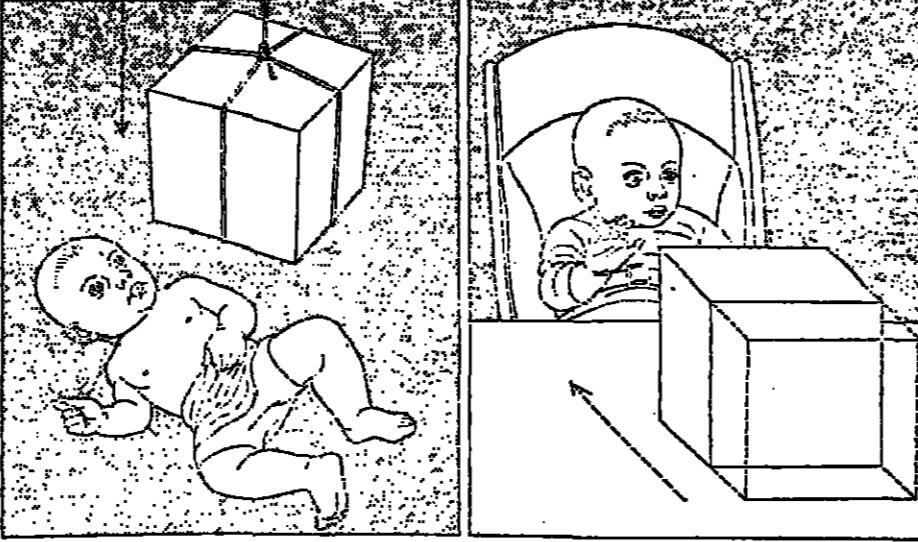
The trouble is that having a hair is not enough. In fact child with Pediculus in his is probably hygienic, well-washed and comes from a well-ordered home life. Contrary to popular belief, there is absolutely causal relationship between head lice. Obviously a poor ground and a low standard cleanliness is going to help insects to proliferate—but can spread quite easily to cleanest of individuals, and established it takes more normal washing to remove them.

And people are notorious slow to admit that they have been afflicted. To be long seems, is deeply shaming. In instance, notification of the for treatment was sent to parent who promptly threatened legal action against the hair master making the report. When hearing was arranged, the turned up sparkling like a then combed with hair freelaundered and shining like silk.

"I found two egg cases being the left ear," said the man, "which is where they are usually overlooked. We were able to prove our point and have child treated. It might have been a difficult situation if the louse had disappeared in the wash."

Brian J F

PERCEPTION



TWO WEEKS old children are never fully awake when lying on their back, which explains why they did not flinch at the approach of an object (left). But sitting up they showed signs of fear and distress (right). The evidence contradicts the theory that babies learn about the solidity of objects only by experience.



USING mirrors, children were shown three identical mothers. At less than 5 months children failed to track mothers in turn. Older children, however, have learnt to identify objects by features—the first major intellectual advance a child makes—and know there is only one mother. The additional images disturbed them.

Seeing it through the eyes of a child

AT THE AGE of two weeks a child appears to be an almost entirely passive creature with approximately two discernible functions—sleeping and eating. But in fact the way he sees the objects around him has already reached a maturity which would astonish his doting parents, to say nothing of those experts who believe that a baby does not begin to display intelligent reactions until he is at least six weeks old.

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Magnus Linklater

*Reported in *Scientific American*, Oct. 1971.

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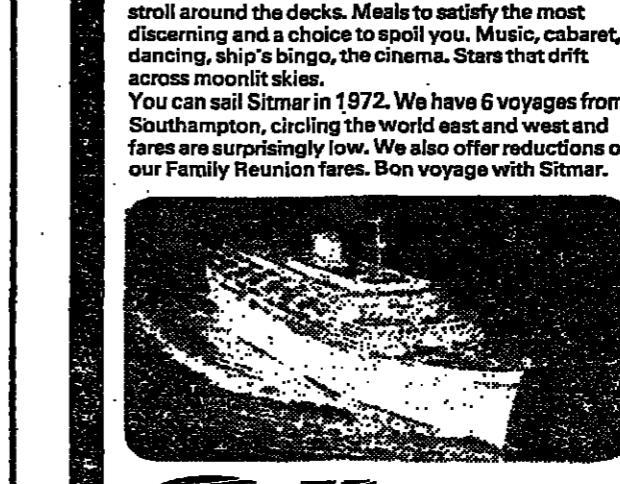
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SPECTRUM

TODAY

DAY searching for a place to live, who applies to an agency for help, is entitled to a free service. An Appeal ruling last June laid down that agents entitled to charge a commission for their services to prospective tenants. But in spite of this customers being faced with a series of stiff charges from which are, apparently, illegal.

Tenants hit by illegal fees

BUCK business run inscrutable flat agencies early 1950s ground to a halt. The Accommodation Act 1953 prohibited them from demanding fees for lists of homes, and or demanding fees from applicants.

The Act is still being regarded as the 30th in the London area we last week only three days ago. Their agent up to two weeks in addition there were small extras to cover services. One ad-

"We can you 40p for"

The demand for accom-

modation always for our supply and because the king legal action is pro-

the agents' semantics

the local part gone un-

by tenants.

The case was only the under the 1953 Act to conclusion. After the two weeks were available.

The only sure way to effect of the Act seems

the agency to make a

ly to the owner."

But of possible loophole

agency did something

the tenant than merely

particulars of houses

his name on a register

the Act would per-

to make a charge for

the "something more"

the agencies claim they

ding.

London Accommodation

on Oxford Street, is one

city's most prominent

In spite of the June

has continued its prac-

voring one week's rent

tenant and landlord. They

tenant's charge an

ction fee." For this

only only telephone the

and tell him he has a

ve tenant. For the tenant

or a £12 a week flat,

an expensive "service"

encies charging the

ction fee" include Regal

Agents, Earls Court

Around Town Flats in

Park Avenue.



Some of the agencies in London which charge various "fees" to prospective tenants.

reply was: "There's no law. They did try to bring one out recently but it didn't come to anything."

The one consistent, though largely ineffectual, attempt to apply the 1953 Act has come from the Press. For more than ten years the Evening Standard, one of London's main advertising media for advertising agencies, has insisted that the agencies sign a declaration that they will not contravene the Act. The Times, another well-used medium, has also recently adopted a similar declaration. Nevertheless both papers have carried advertisements placed by some of the agencies we have mentioned.

It is interesting that the declaration also includes the flat-sharing agencies, many of which have considered themselves outside the scope of the Act. The three we contacted, Flatshare, Share-a-Flat and Flashares all charged both the tenant and the landlord one week's rent. They also charged the tenant either 30p or 40p "for phone calls and none of them visited the flats they were offering.

They all stressed how important it was to interview personally the members of a flat offering a spare place. But Flatshare told us that prospective landlords told them they were quite prepared to take our details over the phone. They also reminded us that if they succeeded in finding us someone and we did not then pay them the equivalent of the now man's rent for one week within a week there would be an extra charge of 50p.

Charging both parties to a transaction is frowned upon by the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors, which "strongly advises members of the public to beware of any such arrangements." Although the Institute only theoretically deals with estate agents its guidelines are directly applicable to accommodation agencies: if agents are paid to represent both tenant and landlord where do their loyalties lie?

On the all important question of what constitutes "services" to,

the client the Institute advises its members that they are only safe legally if they do "substantially more than merely supply services. They should seek and negotiate the rent on behalf of a client of a house or flat suiting the client's particular requirements."

From this three points follow.

First, the agency can negotiate properly if it represents only the tenant. Secondly, the agency must have visited a flat to know if it suits the tenant's "particular requirements."

Thirdly, the agency should only send one tenant at a time to view the property to avoid representing competing tenants.

On the agencies we investigated the one which came nearest to fulfilling these conditions was Futureflats

in St Martin's Lane.

However when we visited

Futureflats they were also

charging a week's rent for pro-

ARMS

How the test ban failed

THE AMERICANS' mammoth nuclear test at Amchitka last week may have been big, but it was by no means unique. In fact the rate of tests carried out has actually risen slightly since the signing of the Partial Test Ban Treaty in Moscow in 1963.

The Stockholm International Peace Research Institute reports that although the tests have been diverted underground, they have proceeded rather steadily since then (1963), at a rate about equal to that of the highest year before the Partial Test Ban.

Non-signatories — France and China — have gone on slightly less steadily, exploding weapons in the atmosphere.

The report goes further: "Figures for nuclear testing by the US, the Soviet Union and other countries, issued by the US authorities, are all acknowledged to be understatements. Their objective in understating is presumably to avoid revealing their monitoring capabilities."

"The cost of testing is worth," says the report, "totals up to the end of 1970 were \$39 for the US, \$42 for Soviet Russia, \$25 for Britain, \$8 for France and \$1 for China."

Since the signing of the treaty, the US has carried out more than 200 tests. Russia approximately 50. It is true that 120 of the American tests were of weapons of devices of less than 20 kilotonnes, but 20 have been heavy weapons of more than a megaton. Russia, on the other hand, has exploded only five very small weapons and one large, having apparently secured all the data she required before the PTE by setting off 45 of more than a kiloton.

The substantial number of undetected tests is explained in part, as has been suggested, by a determination to conceal monitoring capabilities, but also by a

Nuclear tests to end of 1970



test is reputed to have run to. Tests in porous materials such as dry alluvium can also be utilised to prevent accurate assessment of yields. Immense advances in seismology have however been made since serious underground testing began, and it seems improbable that anything except very small tests, in very favourable circumstances, are likely to escape detection in future.

How necessary are the tests? The report says their importance is exaggerated. It points out for instance that the requirements for testing stockpiled weapons could be met without the use of further tests—chemical integrity can be checked by chemical means, while the absence of moving parts should render mechanical testing pointless.

With regard to proof tests of newly devised weapons it suggests that enough deterrent warheads in the larger classes already exist, and that there is so much "overkill" that more can hardly add to deterrent value.

Testing would, the report admits, be important in relation to to enrich new principles weapons design which tests would be needed to advance the state of the art towards laser-initiated pure fusion bombs, neutron bombs or major advances in yield to weight ratios for very small weapons.

Testing for peaceful uses of nuclear explosions is dealt with scathingly. The report sees virtually no peaceful uses. To excavate the much advocated new Panama canal would require "hundreds of nuclear explosions." To extract oil or gas "many hundreds"—and the resulting air pollution would, of course, be devastating.

David Divine

Peter Kellner
and Peter Pringle

We're going places

and we're going in style

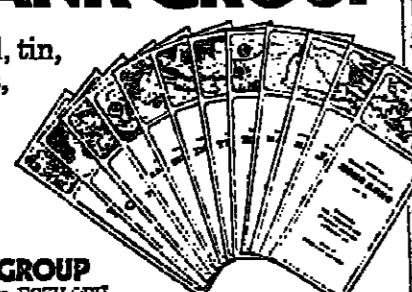
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Since 1966, Indonesia has taken some impressive steps forward. Price inflation has been reduced from an impossible 650% per annum in 1966 to 8% per annum in 1970. The current Five-Year Plan envisages that the equivalent of about half the country's annual income is for investment and the target of 5% annual growth is the aim. As a sign of returning confidence in the country, foreign capital has been flowing into Indonesia. Current emphasis is on agriculture and the industries which serve it, understandably in a country where 75% of the population are employed on the land. But Indonesia is also rich in minerals – nickel, tin, bauxite and oil. Textiles, electricity, paper and transportation are earmarked for dramatic growth.

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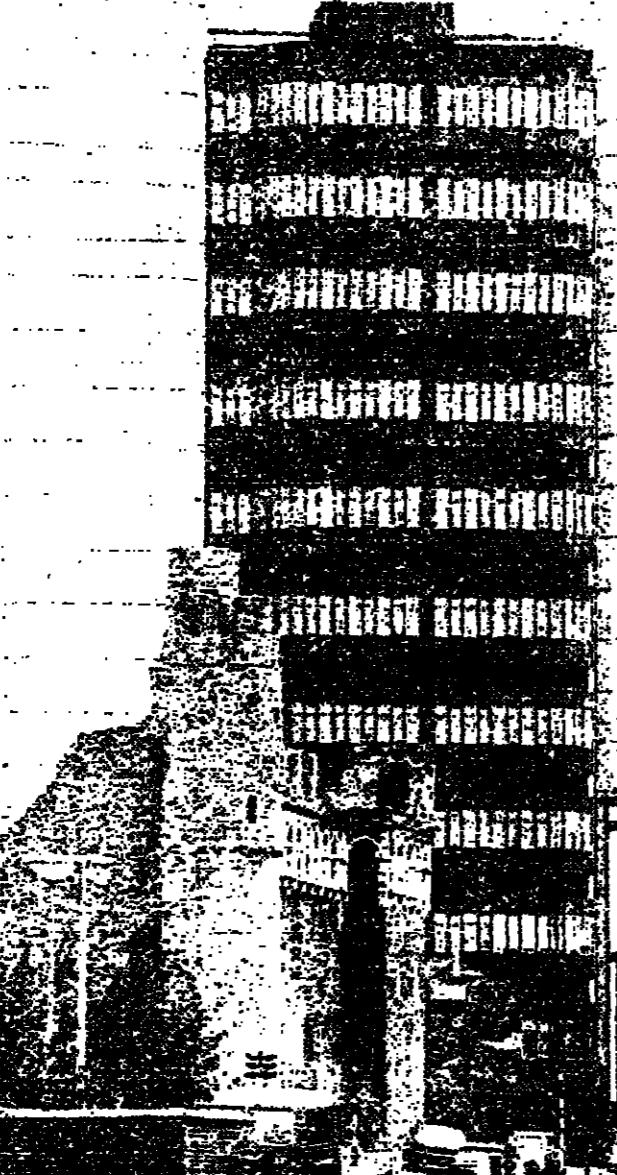
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is done little to help.



OLD AND NEW in Swansea: the thirteenth century walls of Swansea Castle thrown into prominence by Alex Gordon's new block which houses new telecommunications equipment. The shock contrast enhances the castle rather than diminishing it: a fine example of urban surrealism. And just for surrealistic good measure, the slice of half-timbering on the right-hand side is post-war also.

Three-quarters of central Swansea was "taken out" in three nights of blitz in 1940. It was hastily rebuilt to a chequer-board plan with uninspired buildings—the haste was necessary, because otherwise the city might have died altogether. No positive charge there; but, at least, it is decently neutral. It works, it is compact, the pavements are wide and the canopies ample; human contacts can flourish. Compared with, say, the rebuilt Elephant and Castle, it is a paradise.

It is also, as things turn out, going to be very easy to take out the traffic. With that done, the combined width of road and pavements would make it possible for all kinds of wild, small-scale things to be built in the middle. And if the central relief road, on the line of a disused railway, is elevated or sunk, there could be a clear way through for pedestrians. To the South Dock, moribund—all the working docks are across the river, to the east

—and just beyond to the foreshore and the sweep of Swansea Bay. There is land and to spare, boyo; you could have an urban waterfront within yards of the city centre, accessible even in the space of an office lunch-hour, the pattern of Brighton, not Frinton. And the buildings could be as wild as you wished.

These ideas for the waterfront are the City Engineer's, not mine. The goodwill is there, the human potential is there, to the extent of a grand slam; would the architects match it? The first sign that they might, in Swansea, is in the city's tallest new building. If houses telecommunications equipment, it has a bold bronze curtain wall slung between two concrete towers, and it was designed by Alex Gordon and Partners, of Cardiff. Gordon is this year's president of the RIBA; his firm probably puts up more good buildings in Wales than the rest of the profession put together. And what remains of Swansea Castle is enhanced, not diminished, by its massive new backdrop, as the photograph shows. It is a remarkably successful case of shock therapy—by itself, a fragment; thrown into this kind of relief, a powerful part of the city. In two words, this urban surrealism.

And it's not the only bit of surrealism in these parts. Cyclamen cyclists have been reported, machine and rider all in shocking pink-to-mauve. Close together in the docks, spread out in parks, so that you only see one at a time. The riders perform what is in effect a tiny one-act play, what the authors rightly call a "piece of work," appropriate to the site. Lumps of slag have been wrapped up in bright colours as trains go by in the Swansea Valley. Further north, last year, rail travellers from Wakefield in the West Riding may have seen a vast pair of gartered legs upside down, on a coal tip. On a local playing field, those same legs between which a roll of paper was unfurled while two live white figures fall over—all calculated to 15 seconds, the time it took for the train to pass.

The happening

ALL THESE ephemeral shocks are due to Roland Miller and Shirley Cameron, who are presently domiciled at Mumbles on Swansea Bay. Their aim is to increase perception: see one arranged surprise and you will be on the lookout for the natural surprises which are all around us.

This is the "happening" taken out of the introverted atmosphere of the art gallery into real life. This is also surrealism taken out of the manifesto and the picture-frames into its natural home, the landscape. (Magritte's genius managed to imply this inside the picture-frame, but he was one in a thousand.)

The result is down to earth, comprehensible: the imagination that produces the results is sophisticated. So what you get from the experience is up to you; there are no intellectual barriers to overcome which, as it happens, is exactly the spirit of Swansea itself. What you get from city or cyclamen cyclists depends on how big or deep you are; and the result is happiness at any level, positive with no negative. Just as with a Haydn minuet or Under Milk Wood.

The implications are colossal, and lucky the town (new town, especially) that is prepared to take them up. Meanwhile, Miller and Cameron feel that the cyclamen cyclists have done their job in Swansea and anyone who wishes to carry on in another place is welcome to collect them, free, from 7, Upper Church Parl., Mumbles, Swansea. They will only have to provide persons to inhabit the cyclamen suits, and the visual imagination to make use of them. That, I am sure, is there, latent and unused—in art schools, particularly: this is one way in which it could be used without strain or violence.

This could be the breakthrough between art and life, or rather the join-together of parts which should never have been separated in the first place. High stakes: if you have enough buzz it will happen.

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ULSTER: ALTERNATIVES TO TERROR

FOR ANY HOME SECRETARY dealing with Ulster now, the beginning of wisdom is to realise that Northern Ireland as at present constituted has no future. The narrative which we publish today provides the evidence. In the course of the past two years, the British Army has been allowed by the British Government to become the instrument of a local majority with a proven record of sectarian selfishness. As a result, the local minority has withdrawn its confidence and co-operation from a state where the guarantor of minority rights is Britain if it is anybody. With internment, this withdrawal was made final.

The events of the past week underscore the same message. Whatever other strange and hideous hatreds lie behind the tarring and feathering of young women in Londonderry, the incidents show a savage rejection of the system which British soldiers are held to represent. Such an attitude is more than the product of IRA intimidation. The IRA called off their last campaign, nine years ago, for lack of Catholic support.

to beat. Yet the only policy revealed to British ministers is to fight their way back to a point where they can try breathing life into a system that is already dead. They are using impracticable means to pursue unrealisable ends.

True, the very idea of a change in British direction is painfully unorthodox. From the Home Rule crisis in 1912 to internment in 1971, the one constant principle of British policy has been to concede the demands of Protestant extremists (as mediated by their leaders) out of fear lest a worse thing befall. To change the line would mean to confront the Protestants. Yet if ever there is to be a new start in Ulster, fear of the consequences of that confrontation will one day have to be overcome.

Some senior Conservatives, acknowledging the need for it, still argue that the confrontation is more likely to be bloodless if it is delayed till the Protestants are demoralised by a complete breakdown of public order. But aside from the question of whether such cynical inactivity is

justifiable, would that time ever come? Public order, of a kind, already survives appalling daily devastation in Belfast: the army might be able to contain terrorism at somewhere near that level for a long while yet. Meanwhile deaths mount, a new generation is bred up in violence, Catholic disaffection grows (if possible) deeper, and the lives of thousands of innocent people are made wretched. Now the Conservative parliamentary party at Westminster is taking a new interest in Ulster: demands for fiercer military action are certain to be heard soon.

The Government is dangerously misled if it supposes that time is on its side. What change of policy is possible? It is a measure of the low level of public debate that even to ask the question is to risk a charge of approving IRA violence. The IRA is a wholly damnable and despicable body, made up of men who pervert and ravage Ireland's energies in pursuit of an ideal which is irrelevant to the country's real needs. Their tactics of indiscriminate and brutal slaughter are proof of a heartlessness which the noblest cause could not condone. The fact that they flourish like the green bay tree is nevertheless proof that the society from which

they draw their strength is grievously diseased. If there is a cure, it must be put in hand quickly.

As this newspaper has repeatedly pointed out, there is no lack of choices. What is missing is the Government's will to explore them: not by open diplomacy, not in noisy visits and calls to conference, but privately, through the multiple channels reaching out to every one of the factors engaged. Mr Maudling ought to be examining a shift of powers, notably security powers, from Stormont to Westminster. He should be considering a diminution of Stormont's functions to county council level (which would make Catholic participation easier), and a reduction of its territory (which some Protestants have thought would give them a more defensible fortress). He ought to be looking at schemes for the generously financed exchange of populations. He should be examining new common institutions between North and South. He should today be studying Mr Gerry Fitt's imaginative proposal that Stormont should be suspended for a defined period while all sections of Northern Irish life, momentarily under British rule, discussed what might ultimately replace it.

It would also be useful to discover the view from Dublin. One of the sadder blind spots of British minister is their refusal to recognise that Mr Lynch is doing as much as he can about the IRA, that if he did more at present he would be swiftly replaced by someone who would do a greater deal less, that he will inevitably be implicated in almost any arrangement for the North, and that he has two or three officials who thought and knowledge about the North go far deeper than anything to be found at the Home Office. Nothing but the unbending self-esteem of governments restrains Mr Maudling from tapping this source.

Yet perhaps the fact is that Mr Maudling is not after all the man to answer the Irish question. It is his amiable weakness to be a reasonable man accustomed to dealing with reasonable men. The importance of the symbolic in Irish politics has eluded him. At one of the worst periods in the whole story of Britain's relations with Ireland, he is left giving no lead except an impression of despairing drift. He lacks the needed exploratory energy. If Mr Heath is not prepared to hew to Ulster from the Home Office, then he should give earnest consideration to a change in the office of Home Secretary.

SIR ALEC: SELL-OUT OR SUCCESS?

IT IS COMMONLY assumed that Sir Alec Douglas-Home's mission to Salisbury this week will fail: that the famous five principles within which a Rhodesian settlement must be reached are incompatible with modern Rhodesia, that Britain cannot settle without breaking them. This impression, which has been diligently reinforced by the Foreign Office, may well foretell the truth. It is, however, wise to be prepared for a radically different outcome.

In the eyes of the Government, the five principles are a political fact, but they are not part of the moral law. This distinction is fundamental to any discussion of Sir Alec's honour and what it will or will not permit him to concede.

The five principles—unimpeded progress to majority rule, guarantees against retrogressive amendment of the constitution, immediate improvement in the political status of Africans, progress towards ending racial discrimination, and acceptability of the package to the Rhodesian people as a whole—will not actually be ignored. There is no need for them to be. They are exceptionally inexact. Whether or not a settlement observes or betrays them will always be a matter of opinion. Approval of a particular settlement now depends more than anything on the desire for settlement in general.

This desire is very strong indeed in the Tory Party, and last week Sir Alec showed that his own desire was just as strong. He believes this moment is the last chance and the African's only hope. He is not anticipating failure, he told the Commons. So dire is his picture of the consequences of failure that one must assume he will do a great deal for success. In this process it will surely not offend his sense of honour to take a pragmatic view of the five principles.

There are, after all, good historical precedents.

HUGO YOUNG

Unimpeded progress to majority rule is capable of many interpretations and for one simple reason: it states no time limit. Harold Wilson took this point in his negotiations with Ian Smith on HMS Tiger in December 1966 and HMS Fearless two years later. Tiger and Fearless would have provided a bicameral legislature, with two rolls of voters separated by complex tests of education, income and landed property. The core of the plan was simple enough. All Africans over 30 would have had a vote on the lower or "B" roll, but conclusive power over everything except the constitution would have resided with "A" roll electors, who were almost exclusively European. Limited cross-voting between the rolls was allowed for, but progress towards majority rule would have been gradual and uncertain.

Just how fast it would have come was a question remarkably little discussed at the time. It is a fact that the Labour Government, which had very recently been committed to no-independence-before-majority-rule (NIBMAR), made no thorough calculation of the delay implicit in Tiger. The Rhodesians, once the deal was in ruins, claimed it would have lasted only fifteen years, a figure Mr Wilson also put about. The most thorough independent analysis which was published, by Dr Claire Palley of Belfast University, put 2004 AD as the most likely bet. The present Foreign Office computation based on Fearless is more like fifty years.

If 50 years was "unimpeded" in 1968, the Government would presumably not find it hard to defend a more leisurely timetable in 1971. For the 1969 Rhodesian Constitution has intervened, the

To a flexible man wanting a settlement the third principle

plainly offers no difficulty. Given the 1969 Constitution, it would be impossible not to improve the political status of the African. Although this constitution is a leap towards apartheid and apparently sets Britain and Rhodesia even further apart, it makes the "letter" of the Five Principles—an interesting word used by Sir Alec last week—easier to fulfil. This applies equally to the fourth principle. The Land Tenure Act, which segregates and divides the land equally between the 230,000 whites and almost five million blacks, is a problem, but Rhodesia could notionally satisfy the principle by promising to begin to modify it. There will also be the promise of massive British aid for African education. This is thought to be a bull point on the British side, although after independence it would, of course, be no easier to ensure its distribution to the Africans than to guarantee any other aspect of the settlement.

The fifth principle could be the most hazardous. Just as NIBMAR itself is now a forgotten memory, no one will recall that one of Sir Alec's last acts as Prime Minister in October 1964 was to insist on a referendum: "The mechanism whereby the feelings of the Rhodesian people is to be ascertained must be fully democratic." Mr Wilson swiftly conceded a Royal Commission in place of this. The Tiger arrangement could well be revived and who better to preside over it, it might be argued, than Lord Goodman himself, architect of settlement and alleged man of the Left. There are grave difficulties, however, in identifying the Africans who should be consulted. Are Mr Nkomo and Mr Sithole, who have been in detention for many years, still representative leaders?

If a settlement is reached—and it is plain that Sir Alec

believes that hardly anything could be more desirable—these are the lines it could follow and on which it would be defended. The case does not address itself to the most cogent argument against a settlement, which is the impact this would have on Britain's reputation in the world, especially the African world. But the Government which was determined to sell arms to South Africa has already shown that it has no interest in that kind of analysis of world politics. In any case, it may well be frustrated by Mr Smith, as Mr Wilson was before.

Such a deal, of course, will be a sell-out. It will not guarantee any political future for the Africans. It will be an ignominious and deplorable washing of the hands. It will damage British interests elsewhere in Africa. Although there are some Conservatives who will be deeply troubled by all this, there are others, perhaps the majority, whose desire to settle has a positively tribal quality and who will be bothered by none of it, despite much honeyed talk of their concern for the African.

The truth is that the African will be little affected one way or the other. With or without a settlement, the fate of the Rhodesian black will remain for many years in the unsympathetic hands of the Rhodesian white. His only saviour will be himself. The sell-out occurred when Labour failed to end UDI, and was admitted on Tiger and Fearless to be an irreversible fact of life. We publish today new evidence of Labour's anxiety to sell the Africans what the Government admitted to be a sell-out. These are awkward pieces of history which are certain to be drowned in the Niagara of hypocritical bilge which will be released if Sir Alec returns with his bill of goods.



COOL HEAD IN A COLD WAR

FRANK GILES

something quite different in Moscow; "something more like to win the world for Communism without blowing it up."

Both personal assessments and wider judgments are informed and refreshing. On Chou En-lai: "immense charm and vitality . . . always completely at ease . . . flatters cleverly . . . emotional, sensitive and suspicious . . . basic thinking is as strictly conditioned by [the Chinese version of Marxism-Leninism] as that of the Soviet leaders". On the Brezhnev doctrine of limited national sovereignty, evolved at the time of the 1968 Czechoslovak crisis: "means no more than that a super-power can do what it can get away with in its own backyard."

In a piece of what might be

thought inspired prophecy, Trevelyan recalls that in the mid-fifties Peking and Moscow were apparently inseparable in outlook, yet by 1968 were at daggers drawn. In the same way, the Chinese used to be closer to the Americans than any other people. "Perhaps, in spite of appearances, they still are. The pattern has changed and will change again. Who knows whether we shall not see in this century the tickertape on Fifth Avenue streaming down on the head of a Chinese leader, and an American President standing on the Great Gate of Peking?"

There is a widespread belief in the West, from which quite a number of people indeed make their living, that the secrets of the Kremlin or the Forbidden City can be pierced, or at least guessed at, by an ardent study of documents, or of photographs showing the order in which the party leadership lines up on great occasions in Red Square or on the Tien-an-men. Admittedly, the incurable secrecy of Soviet or Chinese official life is an invitation to this sort of demagogic. But I have long thought it a greatly overrated pastime, and am glad to find Lord Trevelyan confirming my belief.

"The Sovietologists of the Western Press working on the documents in London or Washington, were forced by the nature of their occupation to draw conclusions, not always justified by the facts. But the right answer to the question what was happening in the Kremlin?—was nearly always that we [at the British Embassy in Moscow] did not know."

Despite this modest disclaimer, clearly the former ambassador in Moscow knew enough about Russian policy and indeed the Russian soul to

should not think that it is just around the corner because the sun has come for a bit. The Soviet Government should not get excited when we make exceedingly rude noises about aspects of Soviet life and practice. Bad times we should both keep our heads down. In better days we should try and build up our relationship in belief that if we show commonsense, prudence and good will we shall be able to get reasonably well together avoid disaster."

One discovery that ambassador says he made while travelling in the Soviet Union was that chicken à la K should never be eaten in K. In a book which I admire much, this statement with further qualification or explanation, seems to me to be pardonably incomplete. Whether not, I should like to know.

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JOHN LEWIS

INSIGHT: A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

THE BLOODY PATH PAVED WITH EASY OPTIONS

BEGINNING of the recent Ulster is a lethal error by Ulster Protestants. It mistake the Civil Rights movement of the Sixties for an in the State of Ulster itself, choice of the ruling élite, of the reformist impulse made to shake the foundations.

previous challenge to the of the rulers of Ulster involved an attack on the State of their State. At the of the Sixties, Ulster had subjected by the Irish Army to a six-year in which armed men the South attacked across the with the aim of promoting among Ulster Catholics. is, by present standards, six Ulster policemen ten IRA men were killed in the campaign. It was also a blare. Many Unionist politicians, especially Brian Faulkner, then Minister for Home Affairs, believed that this owed to the use of internment. But underlying cause was an almost lack of response from the in Ulster. The IRA came announcing the end of the admitted that the chief was "the attitude of the public."

ever their views about the of the Protestant movement and the injustices it upon them, the Catholics not then ready to support overthrow by violence. Ulster therefore, at some level, a society. The IRA was moment irrelevant. time was ripe to begin digging the apparatus of total ant supremacy—especially electoral gerrymander which the Unionist monopoly of, and the various physical instruments, notably the militia (the B-Specials), by they oppressively exercised

Unionist did not see it that the suggestion that Catholics be admitted to the Unionist which Brian Faulkner ten days ago, got nowhere. At the first suggestion Sir Edward Clark (now chairman of Standing Committee) put out the Reformation brim: "An Orangeman is pledged by all lawful means the laity of the Church of Lord Brookeborough, Minister until 1963 and of the dictum that "there room for one political party," said that those who favouring Catholics were going against windmills and their heads against a wall."

60s: A new middle class emerges

socially and economically Ulster was slowly changing. Lord Ronan, the Scottish judge who in 1969 was appointed by the Government to inquire into Ulster disturbances, summed the effects of social advance: much larger Catholic middle-class has emerged, which is less to accede in the acceptance of a situation of assumed (or fished) inferiority and dislocation..." The weapons of this new class not guns, but ones Protestant. Ulster was perhaps less led to deal with.

A new middle class, Catholic all as Protestant, was often enough to its working-class to see itself as a spokesman for working-class grievance. Maintained able and ambitious and naturally developed a sense of theoretical radicalism in its student population. But complaints it articulated in the Sixties were moderate by any ble standards.

They were typically set out in a lay Times article of July 3, which instanced such matters as gerrymandering and public spending in Londonderry. The classic example (of gerrymandering) is Londonderry, Ulster's predominantly Catholic second city. There are 14,325 Catholics on local roll, and 9,235 Protestants; but the wards are so organised to give Protestants majorities inough of them to win control of City Council... employment, the pattern of justice is the same. In Londonderry the heads of all City Council parts are Protestant. Of 177 married employees, 145—earning £4,424—are Protestant, and only earning £20,420—are Catholic. At that time the suggestion that Ulster would never come without prodding from Westminster" attracted deep Protestant. Three years later the Cameron Report presented a picture which was not substantially different, though far more authoritative. Cameron was reporting after violence had begun, and the sequence of events which led to it is to be carefully set out.

A DECISIVE STEP WAS THE formation of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association in 1967. It took place against a background in which Catholic grievances had been widely acknowledged, but had been met with indifference by the majority Unionist politicians. A typical confrontation occurred conference in London in 1965.

THE NARRATIVE that starts below—the first of a two-part report—is an attempt to get at the roots of the present tragic imbroglio in Northern Ireland. We have talked to as many of the principal actors, past and present, as we could: Ministers, generals, civil servants, guerrilla leaders.

How did a clinical peace-keeping exercise by British troops turn into a murderous confrontation from which there sometimes seems no way out? The reasons that emerge go beyond history, religion and politics. They include incompetence, secret intrigue, blunder and betrayal.

But the narrative of Ulster is not simply a story of evil or guilty or even callous men. There have been many good intentions and many honest mistakes, and if some of the criticisms we make are informed by hindsight they may none the less have lessons for the future.

Our enquiries have brought countless fresh points of fact to light; but chiefly they illuminate the hardening attitudes among the politicians, the Provisionals, the soldiers and the Protestants which contributed over a period of three years, to a slow and inexorable darkening of the scene.

price of halting the student's march and provoking a three-hour sit-down in the city centre could the police keep the two groups apart.

Out of this experience grew the People's Democracy group of Bernadette Devlin and Michael Farrell, loosely based on students and ex-students of Queen's. PD was no more a conspiracy of violence than was the Civil Rights Association (indeed, its members stayed under the CRA "umbrella"), but it was prepared to go further by sit-downs and disruption in bringing violence upon itself—"calculated martyrdom," Cameron called the attitude.

Several streams of violence, each dominant at different times, were now running in Northern Ireland. There was the violence of parts of the Royal Ulster Constabulary (the RUC, it should be remembered, was an over-stretched, if over-armed, force). There was the unofficial, sometimes conspiratorial violence of some inflamed Protestant citizens, who assumed from Mr Craig's behaviour that a Fenian rising was imminent. There was the special category of violence by off-duty members of the B-Special Constabulary.

November '68: O'Neill makes reforms

In the face of impressive difficulties the Prime Minister, Terence O'Neill, was trying to stitch together a Cabinet consensus which would enable him at last to deliver some tangible reforms to the Catholic population. The problem was not only that his Home Affairs Minister took the public stance that any such action would be mere pandering to revolution. O'Neill's private, and not unjustified, suspicion was that his Minister for Commerce, Brian Faulkner—an old friend—was calculating the best moment to withdraw support.

Events still centred on the city of Derry, sick with unemployment and communal tension, as indeed they were to do again and again until Derry became the immediate cause of British involvement. In the furious aftermath of the October 5 beatings the Derry Citizens' Action Committee was formed: its dominant figure was an ex-teacher called John Hume.

The committee made clear that it would mount a series of protests against the behaviour of the police and the partisan structure of Derry Corporation. On November 13, Mr Craig announced a one-month ban on all processions within Derry Walls.

This was followed three days later by an enormous Catholic and Civil Rights procession, 15,000 strong. Had the procession been violent, it could certainly have swept aside the police barriers protecting the forbidden territory. As it was, the march dispersed after a "token" breach of the barriers by its leaders.

Restraint was about to break when on November 22 O'Neill announced his reform package. It was not large but it was a beginning: an Ombudsman, a system of housing allocation by points, a promise to repeal parts of the Special Powers Act and the announcement that there was to be a comprehensive reform of local government elections by the end of 1971. He also suspended the hopelessly unrepresentative Derry Corporation, and put in a nominated commission: the effect on the Catholics of Derry was to produce a period of calm.

The effect on Protestant opinion was otherwise, as was shown at Armagh and Dungannon. A Civil Rights march had been announced for November 30 in Armagh. The local police had no objection to the march plans: although known Republicans were involved, the police did not expect them to be provocative. However, the Armagh RUC found themselves confronted with Ian Paisley, who informed them that the Government had quite lost control in Derry, and that if they did not stop the Armagh march he intended to do the job himself.

During the week before the march, red-painted notices were shown through letter-boxes in Armagh:

- ULSTER'S DEFENDERS
- A Friendly Warning
- Board up your windows
- Remove all women and children from the CITY on SATURDAY, 30th November
- O'Neill must go

Minatory posters also appeared, bearing the initials of the Ulster Constitution Defence Committee: that is to say, the controlling mechanism of the Ulster Protestant Volunteers, whose members pledge that "when the authorities act contrary to the Constitution, the body will take whatever steps it thinks fit to expose such unconstitutional acts." The arbiters of unconstitutional behaviour appeared to be Dr Paisley, chairman of the UCDC, and Major Ronald Bunting, Commandant of the UPV.

Around 1 am on November 30 Paisley and Bunting arrived in Armagh with a convoy of cars, which were parked around Thomas

continued on next page

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING FREE DERRY

Londonderry, early in 1970: an Army snatch-squad at the entrance to the Bogside

Charles Brett, a Belfast lawyer (and a Protestant), called for "immediate legislation to deal with discrimination in employment and housing." John Taylor (now a Minister in the Faulkner Government) immediately repudiated the necessity for any such reforms. Religious discrimination, he declared, was being used as a "political stratagem" by the Republicans.

One Unionist who did admit the need for reform—and publicly at that—was Terence O'Neill, who had succeeded Brookeborough as Prime Minister in 1968. O'Neill's admission confirmed Catholic faith in the legitimacy of their demands, but at the same time his inability to carry his party into actual and concrete reform increased Catholic frustration.

Powerful currents began to run through the Catholic community, and it was the Civil Rights Association which, almost unintentionally, tapped them. It had been modelled on the National Council for Civil Liberties in England, and for its first year of existence it behaved similarly, dealing with individual complaints.

In June 1968, a Catholic family were evicted from a council house in which they had been squatting at Caledon, a village of the Dungannon Rural District. On June 13, a 19-year-old Protestant named Emily Beattie, secretary to a prominent Unionist, was moved into the house. The case, which seemed a particularly gross one, was brilliantly publicised by Austin Currie, the local Nationalist (i.e., Catholic) member of the tiny Opposition at Stormont, the Ulster Parliament.

Currie suggested that the Civil Rights Association should stage a march between the neighbouring towns of Coalisland and Dungannon, to protest against the inequities of local housing policy. With some reluctance, the CRA agreed, and it was announced for August 24.

The immediate response from hard-line Unionists was that there would be violence if the march entered Market Square, Dungannon.

In the event, the march was a huge success—especially because it halted peacefully at a police barrier some distance away from Market Square. Several thousand people gathered to hear Currie and a battery of speakers. The police, in the words of Miss Bernadette Devlin, were very good-natured.

"There was a hope among many participants that something new was taking place in Northern Ireland, in that here was a non-violent demonstration by people of many differing political accep-

tances... united on a common platform of reform." The words are those not of a marcher but of Lord Cameron.

The police calculated that seventy of the stewards at Dungannon were Republicans, and ten of them members of the IRA—but on the other hand, there had been no display of Republican symbols, such as the Tricolour flag. The meeting closed with the marchers singing, hopefully, "We Shall Overcome."

IT TOOK ONLY ONE MORE demonstration—in Londonderry on October 5, 1968—to turn civil rights into a mass movement. And it was a mass movement which, according to the well-publicised views of the then Minister of Home Affairs, William Craig, was under the control of the Irish Republican Army.

"We have investigated this matter with particular care," wrote the Cameron Commission later. "... while there is evidence that members of the IRA are active in the organisation, there is no sign that they are in any sense dominant or in a position to control or direct policy of the Civil Rights Association."

The situation was admittedly subtle. First, not all Republicans are gunmen: the term can cover an IRA guerrilla bomber or theoretical adherents of the Wolf Tone Society and James Connolly Clubs. Secondly, republicanism is one of the major streams in Irish political history: almost any successful broad-based movement would take in people who had been part of it.

Secondly, there was the new policy of the IRA. After the collapse of the 1956-62 campaign, the old IRA of Gaelic piety and violence virtually ceased to exist, so much so that many of the disgust—until, in 1969, some Ulster police brought the gun back into politics.

So far as Northern Ireland was concerned, the IRA concentrated on taking part peacefully in the open Civil Rights campaign. And at least among those members who stayed with the new "political" IRA, the policy stuck. Cameron commented upon the fact that members of the IRA who served as stewards in Civil Rights demonstrations were "efficient and exercised a high degree of discipline. There is no evidence... that such members either incited to riot or took part in acts of violence."

The leaders of the new-look IRA seemed to have an easy way in the Civil Rights movement. If the reforms were granted, so much to the good; they would share in the credit. If, on the contrary, reforms were savagely refused by the Unionist Right, then there was a Machiavellian consideration: the ruling party of Ulster would be split, and through the resultant chaos the IRA would lead the people toward Socialism.

At this stage in the narrative, what is significant is that from a reasonable Ulster standpoint it should have been possible to see that a marching-and-talking IRA (especially one that was prepared de facto to recognise Partition)

must be an improvement on a shooting-and-bombing IRA. And quite certainly it was a basic act of misgovernment to allow that there was anything revolutionary in the set of demands that Civil Rights finally adopted as its programme. These were:

- 1 One-man-one-vote in local elections
- 2 The removal of gerrymandered boundaries
- 3 Laws against discrimination by local government, and the provision of machinery to deal with complaints
- 4 Allocation of public housing on a points system
- 5 Repeal of the Special Powers Act
- 6 Disbanding of the B-Specials.

October '68: Police attack on march

It was Lord Cameron's dry estimate that these reforms were not such as would "in any sense endanger the stability of the Constitution." To judge by his response, the Minister for Home Affairs did not see things in that light. The confrontation came almost immediately after the success of the Dungannon march, when a similar demonstration was announced for October 5 in Londonderry.

Derry is an emotive symbol in the Ulster tragedy, a flashpoint of Catholic and Protestant history.

In the siege of 1689 the Protestant citizens held the walls for 109 days against Catholic besiegers. Its recent history has been one of grotesque unemployment—one in five of the men out of work—and the crudest Protestant manipulation of housing allocation and political power.

The Derry police regarded the local march committee with disfavour, which is understandable in view of the presence in Eamonn McCann, of at least one eagerly self-confessed revolutionary. Rather less reasonably, they went on to

charge warned that women and children should depart. The marchers tried to avoid the police by taking a different route, but when that route also was blocked they walked right up to the police.

At this point, two Stormont Opposition MPs, Mr Gerry Fitt and Mr Eddy McAteer, were batoned, and Fitt (who also sits at Westminster, and had brought over three Labour MPs) was removed to hospital.

The Cameron Commission found that Fitt was making an "irresponsible" speech, but also that he and McAteer were batoned "wholly without justification."

The immobilised march now turned into a meeting, which after half an hour was asked by its leaders to disperse. What happened next is far from clear, but Cameron decided that there were certainly extremists present—not of the IRA—who wished to provoke violence, or anyway a reckless confrontation with the police.

The Apprentice Boys' parade was cancelled without demur. (Curiously enough, this "annual" event had never occurred before and has not since.) But the Civil Rights movement faced a harder decision. After a long and agonising meeting the local militants insisted on defying the Ministerial ban, and the national leadership reluctantly acceded.

Originally, the prospects for the march had not been spectacular, because the local organisers did not carry great weight in the Catholic community. But "the effect of the ministerial order was to transform the situation. It guaranteed the attendance of a large number of citizens... who actively resented what appeared to them to be totally unwarranted interference."

THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 5 were splashed on television sets all over the world. Over 2,000 people gathered at the Waterside station, representing "most of the elements in opposition to the Northern Ireland Government and the Unionist regime in Londonderry." Mr Craig and the police, it seems, were prepared for violence. They did not regard it as sufficient to let the march proceed and lay charges afterwards.

The march immediately faced a police cordon, and the officer in

North and South: two states born out of bickering

THE PROVINCE of Ulster has had points of difference from the rest of Ireland ever since its Iron Age inhabitants were slow in succumbing to the northward-moving Celts. The Celts similarly resisted the Normans, who were, of course, Catholics; and the Catholic faith resisted the northward advance of Protestantism under Henry VIII and Elizabeth I.

After the province had been subdued by Elizabeth and planted with Scottish and English settlers by James I, Ireland was run as a unit, largely by a Protestant aristocracy and the Government in London; and from 1800 on (after a brief and promising experiment with a nominally independent Parliament in Dublin) the country had no other Parliament than Westminster.

But Ulster and the rest of Ireland gradually drew apart from one another again under the influence of different ancestries, different faiths and different degrees of prosperity (Ulster, already a producer of linen and soon of ships, escaped the worst of the potato famine in 1845-49). After long and sometimes bloody bickering, Westminster made Ireland into two separate states by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920.

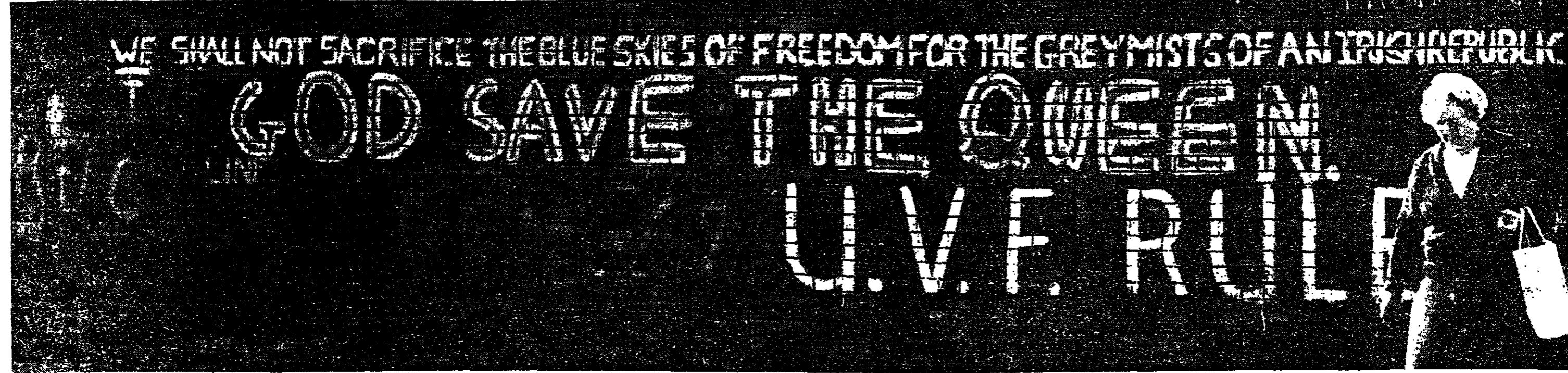
The Lloyd George Government of the day did not intend the settlement, even in the line of the border, to be final: there was provision for a boundary commission, and for an all-Ireland Council above the two regional Parliaments as a means later reunification. But the North rejected the boundary commission, and the

South rejected the parliamentary arrangements, becoming successively a dominion and a republic.

The Northern Parliament is subordinate to, and financed by, Westminster. In 1949, under Section 1 (3) of the Ireland Act, the Attlee Government affirmed that "in no event will Northern Ireland or any part thereof cease to be part of His Majesty's dominions and of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland."

The Parliament, called Stormont, has substantially more powers than a county council. The (Protestant) Unionists have a three-to-one majority in it over various fragmented (Catholic) opposition parties, who are not now represented. The first Catholic Cabinet member was appointed last month from outside Parliament.





Belfast, 1971: the hard-line Protestantism of the Ulster Volunteer Force shouts from the walls of its stronghold in the Shankill

continued from preceding page
Street on the route of the march. For the rest of the night about 130 people stayed with them, walking about and talking in small groups. Aproached by the police, Dr Paisley said he intended to hold a religious meeting.

At 8 am, the police placed road-blocks around the town and began to search incoming cars. They found two revolvers, and 220 other weapons, such as pipes hammered into points. "The groups standing in Scotch Street and Thomas Street were now seen to be carrying weapons such as sticks and large pieces of timber. Dr Paisley carried a blackthorn stick and Major Bunting a black walking stick."

The police did not care to break up the Paisleyite crowd, because its individual armed members might be even harder to control. There was no option but to ask the unarmed civil rights march to stop—which it did, although the stewards had "some rough work" enforcing orders. Trouble was thus averted, except for the case of an ITV cameraman struck down with a leaded stick. But the fact remained that a lawful march had been prevented by carefully-laid plans of violence.

In Dungannon, where Major Bunting had been involved in a "violent and irresponsible" (Cameron's words) counter-demonstration against People's Democracy on November 23, there was worse trouble on December 4. Protestant extremists, including off-duty B Specials, gathered to counter a Civil Rights meeting in the Parochial Hall. There was stonethrowing, from both sides, and then a member of the Protestant crowd fired a shot at a Press photographer which narrowly missed.

The Right Wing of the Protestants was already affronted by the failure of the Catholics to respond with sufficient humility to the O'Neill reform package. On December 11 Capt. O'Neill went further by dismissing William Craig from the Ministry of Home Affairs, a move which evoked more hostility from the Right. The previous day O'Neill had made an emotional appeal on television for a united and peaceful Ulster, and there was enormous public response in his support. The Civil Rights bodies agreed to give him time; they called a truce over Christmas.

The marchers are 'seen on their way'

IT WAS AT THIS DELICATE moment that the students in the People's Democracy decided to stage "the long march" from Belfast to Londonderry. With the O'Neill package and the Craig dismissal already achieved, it was a dangerous exercise in gloating.

According to some of the leaders of PD the long march—through Protestant strongholds—would not have been completed if the ferocity it met with at the end could have been anticipated. But that may have been only one of many views in the amorphous body of PD. The character of the outfit was frankly conveyed in some words of Bernadette Devlin, which may have been a little too frank for her colleagues' taste:

"We are totally unorganised and totally without any form of discipline... I'd say there are hardly two of us who really agree."

Basically, the PD people were non-communist Marxists, themselves of Catholic origin, pursuing the idea—a novel and possibly thankless one in Ulster—of inter-denominational workers' revolution. As one of them observed some time after the Long March: "Everyone applauds loudly when one says in a speech that we are not sectarian, that we are fighting for the rights of all Irish workers, but really that's because they see this as a new way of getting at the Protestants."

Because a march 73 miles across the province would cross many strong Protestant areas and entail serious physical risk, it appealed

Certainly there were militants, extremists and even subversives among the Civil Rights workers, and this was especially true of the People's Democracy faction.

But, although Lord Cameron and his colleagues found that "politically subversive and mischievous" people did at times inflame passions... and either irresponsibly or deliberately invoke violent incidents," they also wrote:

"We disagree profoundly... with the view which professes to see agitation for civil rights as a mere pretext for other and more subversive activities."

THE MARCH BEGAN ON NEW Year's morning, 1969, peacefully and comically, with 80 participants. Their progress, inevitably, was haunted by Major Bunting, who started off skittishly pretending to "lead" the march with a Union Jack; he dropped out of the procession, hit timing inviting ribald remarks, at the entrance to Belleview Zoo.

One anarchist had turned up, but nobody would help him carry his banner. A Republican Club contingent was asked not to carry the Republican flag; in the end anarchist and Republicans compromised. They would carry their poles but the banners would be furled.

After three days of the march, on January 3, Paisley saw Captain Long, the new Minister for Home Affairs, and tried without success to talk to persuade him to ban the last stage.

That night, while the PD marchers rested in Clady, eight miles outside Derry, Paisley held a religious meeting in the Derry Guildhall. Outside, in Guildhall Square, a riot broke out, and the windows of the Guildhall were smashed. Major Bunting told the audience to prepare for the defence of the women and children: chairs and banisters were broken up to make clubs, and Paisley supporters debouched from the hall in defensive formation. Outside, a considerable fight took place, and Major Bunting's car was burned out.

Bunting took care to inform both the Protestant audience and the media that it was a "Civil Rights mob" which had endangered women and children. He also said that as many people as possible should be at Bradfield Church next morning, near Burntollet Bridge, "to see the marchers on their way."

The Cameron Commission found that the Guildhall riot had nothing to do with any Civil Rights organisation. It was random and largely drunken sectarian hooliganism, sparked by the mere fact of Paisley's presence.

ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 4, the marchers arrived at Burntollet Bridge, led by an escort of eighty policemen. Waiting for them were about 200 men, armed with clubs of various kinds.

Certainly these people were inflamed by the belief that the Derry riots of the night before had been fomented by civil rights workers. But their attack was hardly spontaneous, for many of them wore white arm-bands to identify each other in the thick of the fight.

There was no chance that the police could protect the unarmed marchers against assault. The attackers had chosen a natural ambush site, where fields sloped sharply down to the road. Here, they had stacked "ammunition," such as rocks and lumps of old iron.

The police were able to protect the head of the march to some extent, but they could do nothing about the main body. When the missiles began to rain down, some of the marchers tried to escape through the fields, where they were set upon individually.

Both the police and the marchers were taken aback by the ferocity of the attack, and indeed the affair probably exceeded any coherent Protestant intentions.

For all moderate opinion, the result of the march was disastrous. If it was the aim of the PD marchers to demonstrate a commitment to violence among substantial numbers of Protestants, they succeeded perhaps better than all but their hardest spirits desired. Also, in Catholic mythology, they demonstrated a complaisance by the police towards violence.

The Cameron Commission found, to the contrary, that the police did make a serious attempt to stop the ambush at Burntollet, and that they were unready rather than complaisant. But on the night of January 4/5, and on several nights thereafter in Derry, members of the RUC proceeded to do things enough to justify some, if not all, of the mythology.

AS THE CATHOLICS OF DERRY see it, there has been for years a simple, frightening pattern about police reactions to trouble in the city. Disorder breaks out—often, as on January 4, 1969, the result of Protestant provocation. Immediately afterwards, the police mount a punitive expedition against the Bogside, the Catholic "ghetto" area.

Whatever the truth about other

occasions, something very like this must have happened the night after the Protestant attacks on the PD marchers.

It should be said that the first reaction of the Bogsiders that night was to start building barricades in their streets, a task in which they were encouraged by some of the PD people. This, which they themselves called "protection," could be counted as a provocation to the forces of the law—but one of a rather special kind, for the RUC did not then and do not now exercise any real police control of the Bogside.

We have to record with regret [said the Cameron Commission] that our investigations have led us to the unshakable conclusion that on the night of January 4/5 a number of policemen were guilty of misconduct which involved assault and battery, malicious damage to property, to streets, in the predominantly Catholic Bogside area giving reasonable cause for apprehension of personal injury among other innocent inhabitants, and the use of provocative sectarian and political slogans...

O'Neill's reply was bitterly contemptuous even by the standards of Ulster's inbred politics. In view of the supposed strength of Faulkner's view on the Commission, O'Neill found it "rather surprising... that you did not offer to resign when the Cabinet reached its decision..."

"I will remind you," he went on, "that... after the events of October 5 in Londonderry... It was you who were one of the principal protagonists of the view that there ought to be no change under what you described as 'duress.' It was true, said O'Neill, that when the Commission was mooted, Faulkner had proposed instead that the party be asked outright to approve one-man-one-vote. But as Faulkner himself had said earlier that the franchise could not be changed in the short term, and knew "full well" that the party would refuse, then the suggestion was "disingenuous."

"You also tell me that you 'have remained' through what you term 'successive crises.' I am bound to say that if, instead of 'passively remaining' you had on occasions given me that loyalty and support which a Prime Minister has a right to expect from his deputy, some of these so-called 'crises' might never have arisen."

O'Neill had one move left to

make. He called a general election for February 24 (1969), a gamble predicated on the hope that he might find among the electors the "middle ground" support which was insufficiently available among the politicians.

On January 23, eight days after Cameron's appointment, Faulkner resigned from O'Neill's Cabinet, citing as his reason the lack of "strong government." Weakness, in his view, was being shown by appointing a Commission to investigate the disturbances of the Civil Rights campaign: he had always been "unhappy" about the idea. Then, while claiming to be in favour of reform, Faulkner deployed a classic reactionary defence: he affected to object to the manner, not the matter, of reform.

The Ulster Government, he said, must choose between two quite different courses. Either it must gain Unionist Party approval for a change of policy, including immediate universal suffrage in local elections, or it must set out simply to resist "the pressures being brought to bear."

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It is hard to recall, now that the Falls Road and the Ardoyne are IRA fortresses, that in February 1969, O'Neill, the Unionist Premier, could go into those districts and be swept off his feet by cheering crowds. And it is worth remembering that, in strict terms, O'Neill won the election. That is, he and the Unionists who supported or tolerated his policies formed a simple majority in the new Parliament.

But to resurrect his full authority O'Neill needed to inflict exemplary punishment on his opponents. He did not do so. In only two cases were established anti-O'Neill members upset by O'Neill supporters. Out of thirty-one contested Unionist seats, eleven were won on specifically anti-O'Neill platforms, while others were ambiguous. The anti-O'Neill victors included some of the most important Protestant spokesmen (William Craig, Desmond Boal, Joe Burns) together with Brian Faulkner and several of his present Government (Captain John Brooke, John Taylor, Harry West). "Wee Johnnie" McQuade, a wizened docker, who outdoes Paisley in intransigence if not in coherence, increased his majority, and O'Neill himself, who had never before had to defend a seat, came within 1,414 votes of losing to Paisley.

IT WAS THEREFORE A WEAKENED O'Neill who now faced a further turn of the screw. And Derry was once more the scene of a particular incident with powerful symbolic effects: the Samuel Devenney affair.

The North Derry CRA proposed to stage a march on April 19, 1969, which would start at Burntollet Bridge and enter the city. Fears that Protestant reaction would be violent caused the Ministry of Home Affairs to ban the march, and after a long meeting with the Minister the CRA officials agreed to respect the ban.

On the 19th, there was a spontaneous sit-down by Civil Rights supporters inside the Derry walls. Nearby, there was a gathering of Paisleyites who had been to the station just in case the march might have been used to make

O'Neill had one move left to

take place. Stone-throwing between the two groups began.

The police response was to drive the Catholics back into the Bogside, and the result was a battle which lasted until midnight. One policeman in difficulties fired two shots, which he said were sent up into the air. Although the events of the 19th were outside Cameron's terms of reference, the Commission still reported that "we were presented with a considerable body of evidence to establish further grave acts of misconduct among members of the RUC... these should be vigorously probed and investigated."

The Devenney family were among the victims. At 9 pm on the 19th—this comes not from Cameron, but from subsequent inquest records—Samuel Devenney, a man of 43 with a weak heart and a record of TB, was at home with his wife and five children, aged between five and eighteen. Nearby, some Bogside teenagers were stoning a group of RUC men.

The evidence of Stephenson man of dubious character, was enough to convict his father, and they were acquitted. (The atmosphere of the trial marred by the fact that tow its end a bomb went off outside jury room.) But it is still remarkable to take Stephenson's own conviction as evidence if was Protestants who first to to the use of gelignite in this ticular cycle of Ulster politi

ULSTER'S CONSTITUTION The Government of Ireland 1920, one section of which that "Notwithstanding the establishment of the Parliament Northern Ireland... the superior authority of the Parliament Westminster shall remain undiminished over all sons, matters and things Northern Ireland]." If they one thing which has united London and Tory at Westminster, it desire to leave that section gazing dust as long as possible.

During all the long exposure Ulster injustice in the Sixties, Parliamentary question at Westminster was turned aside on grounds that "by convention" internal affairs" of Northern Ireland should not be discussed. During the 1964 election, Mr Wilson saw Sir Alec Douglas-Home appear on a TV programme at Northern Ireland, off his own tie and put on which bore the Red Hand of Ulster was amazed at even trifling and symbolic breach of tradition of separateness.

The reason why the matter could never be "probed and investigated" as Cameron recommended was more significant than the brutality of the event itself.

On the night Samuel Devenney was beaten, the senior officers of the RUC in Derry were not in control of what was happening in Bogside. Police from other forces had poured into the city: nobody knew where they had come from, or where they had been deployed. At the station nearest to the action, the desk log was not kept properly: in any normal force, the culprits might have been traced from the duty rosters, but in Derry that night those basic documents were not kept.

Records are one essential attribute of a police force which is restrained by law, but in Derry on the night of April 19, 1969, large sections of the RUC had turned into a sectarian mob.

Yet the beatings which the RUC had handed out in Derry did not slake the increasing Right-wing Unionist demands for "strong government." Indeed, the case for strength appeared to become incontrovertible, for bomb explosions now became a part of the political brew.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S CALL was that of a decently competent Westminster Tory, which is what he set out to be before he became fish in the more limpid Stormont pool.

He was succeeded by an honourable, but politically simpler man, his distant cousin James Chichester-Clark. Conceivably, relations with Westminster would have been better had the "professional" Faulkner won, but Faulkner by one vote: a result which instances the effect of personal politics in Ulster politics.

The bombs alone, of course, did not bring O'Neill down, but they were weighty final straws. On April 28, the Premier resigned, saying that what was impossible for him "may be—I do not know—easier for someone else." He was, in the words of the Daily Telegraph, "the one politician willing to lead this province of 1,500,000 people out of the dark shadows of religious strife." Two other, and less sensible, comments on his fall may be worth recording, one denying the reality of any "dark shadows," and the other revelling in their opacity:

Bernadette Devlin, on this occasion, thought that it was all capitalist nonsense to talk about religious strife, and distilled the PD view into the starkest naivete it has yet

continued on next page

MEN AT THE CENTRE



Brian Faulkner
Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since March 1971. A 1969 resignation helped bring Terence O'Neill down.



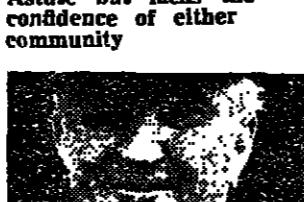
Lord O'Neill
Prime Minister of Northern Ireland from 1963 till May 1969, when he was forced out by the Unionists, after announcing reforms in housing, investigation of grievances, local government, franchise and special powers. Aristocrat now totally sidelined



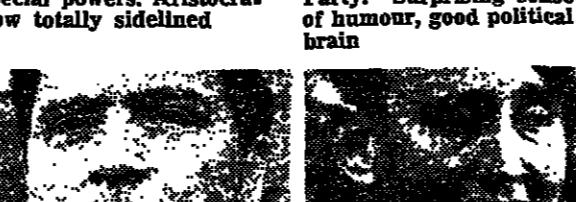
Ian Paisley
Chaplain to the Protestant backlash, founder and head of Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster. MP since April, 1970, at Stormont and since June, 1970, at Westminster. Co-founder of a new Democratic Unionist Party. Surprising sense of humour, good political brain



William Craig
Authentic voice of hard-line Unionism. As Home Affairs Minister in the O'Neill Cabinet, until dismissed in 1968, insisted on regarding demands for Catholic civil rights as subversion. Has just formed ginger group called Unionist Vanguard. Resolutely ambitious



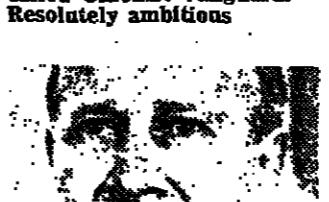
Sir Arthur Young
Inspector General of the RUC as a Callaghan appointee from October 1969 till November 1970, when he returned to his old job as Commissioner of the City of London Police. Found the RUC to be intractable.



John Hume
Leading theorist among (now abstentionist) Stormont Opposition MPs. As a civil rights leader played a pacifying role in August 1969 and later Derry disturbances. Now believes Stormont system permanently finished.



Lord Moyola
As major Chichester-Clark was Prime Minister after O'Neill from May, 1969, to March, 1971, when Unionist pressures and office weariness impelled him to resign. Solidly, generally trusted, finally unpersuasive. Now farming sheep.



Sir Robert Porter
Home Affairs Minister March 1969 to August 1970, since when the job has been combined with the Prime Minister's Gentle, academic lawyer and reluctant minister, known to his colleagues as Beezer. Has returned to the Bar.



General Freeland
Appointed GOC Northern Ireland, as his last command, in July, 1969, the month before the arrival of British troops. Abused by Unionists as an enemy of the state, retired in February, now lives in Norfolk.

A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

Ed from preceding page
military force would soon come into play, and it was difficult to anticipate what would happen. There remained, all the same, complacency in both Ulster and Westminster.

There were already British troops in Northern Ireland, but they were not engaged in town riots. Their headquarters was in Lisburn, in pleasant country worlds away from the Belfast slums. Never, when General Sir Ian Freeland arrived on July 9 to take command as GOC Northern Ireland, did he smell trouble in the air

day. Freeland met Chichester-Clark and Anthony Peacocke of the RUC. The first big parades, the Boyne in Derry, were just 12 hours away. Violence was mounting for the past weeks: rival crowds, savage sporadic punch-ups. Yet Chichester-Clark and Peacocke worried. There would be trouble, they told Freeland. The marches never caused

there has been no lack of explanation later that Free-land is not "the right general job"—whoever that un-argued may have been—so well as to say that he has been one of the few in the Ulster scene who tried to pretend the diffi-culty did not exist. But in face of his optimism, there was little he could do except warn Ulster.

Freeland nor any other soldier seems to have been enthusiastic about the idea that a military presence would bring communal peace to but the one thing they were of was that an inadequate military presence would be us.

and had just 2,400 garrison in the province, and half were tied up guarding actions because of the bombs. Still, Ulster in of Defence reckoning behind the Far East, the Army and the Strategic in the queue for reinforce-

"Why won't they realise on the brink of civil war?" Freeland to one of his staff

July 12 the Orangemen in twenty places throughout including Londonderry, a city of seething neurosis, morning of July 13, 1969, the police were scarcely able the two communities apart.

our agrees troops, but h strings

DAYS LATER, THE Government began to. A rising young minister, Ulster, was summoned to the Minister's room at the of Commons.

on explained that he had a Government reshuffle in Ulster, but meanwhile the Secretary, Denis Healey, go soon into hospital. Would therefore leave the Department of Employment and Productivity at once, and go to as Healey's deputy? His task would be to make ready the possible use of British in Ulster.

obvious step, after the disturbances of July 12, was to ban all parades in the province. It hardly said to be unnatural after the bans imposed on Rights marches, and it was that the RUC's capacity to in order was now vestigial. Wilson and Healey fav-

a ban. But Ulster was firstly responsible of the Home army, James Callaghan. He to Chichester-Clark, and re-

that the Ulster Premier fall from power if he had the Orange marches still.

Reluctantly, the Cabinet to the marches, and this to become a familiar mechanism of British government agree-

follow a policy which it did favour, but which was thought

sary to protect an Ulster from his "supporters."

alternatives were to accept

Premier, perhaps some such as Craig—or to impose rule from Westminster.

conflicting testimony about seriously and in what terms rule was discussed by

Ministry of Defence calcu-

on the basis that direct rule meant military rule, if the civil service refused to co-

to. That would require some 10,000 troops. Denis Healey, along with NATO commitments, that was "impossible."

real reasons against direct rule were perhaps less concrete.

Jenkins lectured Cabinet on the lessons of Irish

ry. "If there is one thing I learnt," said Jenkins, "it is the English cannot run."

"It was damned easy to Makarios to the Seychelles," Callaghan, recalling Cyprus,

damned hard to get him back."

of the Labour Government

mission towards the end of July ed on a technical question:

ing that troops were to go

the aid of the civil power, on

basis should they do so? The

tion of what civil power they

ought to be aiding was never really faced.

Sir Elwyn Jones and the law officers produced a "minimum answer" which raised as few principles as possible. The soldiers should go in as "common law constables."

On July 30-31, 1969, the Labour Cabinet held a two-day meeting to wrap up business before the summer holidays. Wilson and Callaghan were given authority to give Chichester-Clark troops if he asked for them. The "strings" would be worked out later.

TWO DAYS LATER the consequences of Labour's ambiguous formula began to work themselves out on the Ulster streets. On August 2 an Orange march paraded past the block of Catholic flats near Belfast city centre, which are ironically named Unity Flats. At the height of the riot that followed, when it looked as though two police stations might be overrun, the Belfast police commissioner, Arthur Wolsley, called troops to his aid.

For a few hours about sixty men of the First Queen's plus a tactical HQ unit, were actually stationed at police headquarters in East Belfast. But Freeland ordered them back to barracks before the fact came out, and the August 3 message log of 39th Brigade (the Ulster force) makes clear the reason, and the Army's interpretation of the formula:

NO QUESTION OF COMMITTING TROOPS UNTIL ALL METHODS EXHAUSTED BY THE POLICE.

Wolsley and his chief, Peacocke, questioned Freeland. Did "all methods" mean that the police had to call out the B-Specials before the Army would move?

It did.

Even the RUC men were taken aback. Did Westminster not realise that the effect calling the B-men into Belfast would have on the Catholics?

As one of Freeland's own officers not long afterwards referred to the B-Specials as "a trigger-happy bunch of sportsmen," there could be no doubt how he felt. But all he could do was repeat his orders. The consequence of the British Government's position was that the Stormont Government must be forced to go in.

In the words of one of its members, the policy of the Labour Government amounted to "doing anything to avoid direct rule." Yet during the week before the Apprentice Boys' march, the London newspapers were full of stories suggesting the exact opposite.

The Financial Times, on August 6, was quite unambiguous: "British troops would only be used to restore law and order in Ulster if the Northern Ireland Government first agreed to surrender its political authority to Westminster."

The journalists were reporting with perfect accuracy the information which Harold Wilson was feeding into the political lobby system. "Harold," recollects a Whitehall civil servant, "was huffing and puffing about 'not being a rubber stamp for Stormont'."

This was a last-minute attempt to bluff the crisis away, the theory being, apparently, that if the Ulster Cabinet read in the newspapers that Labour policy was the opposite of what it really was, then they might be frightened to ask for troops, and might therefore ban the Apprentices' parade.

But it is not easy to bluff men who are playing for political survival.

On Friday, August 8, Chichester-Clark had an angry session with Callaghan at the Home Office. Chichester-Clark was demanding supplies of CS gas and Army helicopters; Callaghan, supposedly, was "explaining the facts of life" to the Ulster Premier.

"Jimmy more or less told Callaghan to stuff it," said Chichester-Clark's brother Robin, who sits as a Westminster Unionist MP.

August '69: petrol bombs begin to flare

Over the weekend of August 9/10, the Stormont Cabinet learnt that despite Callaghan's sermonising, they would not lose their independence if they called in British troops.

The only lasting result of this episode was to convince the Ulstermen that Whitehall only rarely meant what it said, and on Monday, August 11, the Stormont Cabinet met and ratified their decision to let the Apprentices hold their parade.

The decision set off a series of complex and often violent interactions in Derry, Belfast and Whitehall. The week of August 11/12 was when the British public suddenly came face to face with the fact that there was a part of Britain where politics could kill.

The sheer savagery of the streets was conveyed at the time by television and newspapers. What was harder to distinguish, let alone convey, in the bloodstained jumble of events, was the sequence that precipitated British power into Ulster.

THE APPRENTICE BOYS' PARADE on August 12, 1969, was not significantly more "provocative" than others in previous years. But to discuss it in degrees of provocation is to imply that it is, like a



Londonderry 1971: A group of Provisional IRA gunmen give a freelance photographer a rare opportunity to take pictures

students' demonstration in England, a basically pacific event which may on occasion be taken over by wild spirits.

The Apprentices' parade is a matter of solid citizens celebrating their continued enjoyment of something which they hold to be required for their survival: namely political hegemony over their Catholic fellow-citizens.

It therefore assumed on August 12 its normal form of 5,000 men wearing bowler hats (the Orange "uniform") marching along the walls of Derry, which enclose the old Protestant town and look down upon the impoverished Catholic Bogside. They were accompanied by bands and banners, and sang The Boyne and other anti-Catholic songs.

As they went, some people in the parade threw pennies down into the impoverished Catholic Bogside. In August, 1969, after nearly ten months of intense political excitement, the Bogsiders were not prepared to take insults quietly. It is not clear to us when pennies were replaced by stones, nor from which side the first stone came.

What matters is that violence was implicit, and that the moment it erupted it assumed a pattern which the police could not contain.

The Catholics began to build barricades across the entrances to the Bogside. On the roofs of flats and houses, children were put to work making crates of petrol bombs. The RUC drew up on the perimeter of the Bogside, and behind the old city was full of gangs of Protestant youths anxious to follow the police into the Bogside and teach the Catholics a lesson.

On Tuesday night, and throughout Wednesday violence assumed a ritual form. RUC constables, armed with batons and riot shields, made charge after charge into the Bogside. Each time they were repelled by rocks and petrol bombs.

From the police viewpoint, this was an attempt to restore authority in the face of hooliganism. In the view of the Bogside it was simple self-defence. Samuel Deveney had died three weeks earlier: with his example in mind, it was not necessary to be a radical, but only an ordinary family man to want to make sure that there was not another RUC "punitive expedition" into the Bogside.

Throughout Wednesday the attempt to subdue the Bogside continued, with the police becoming more disorganized.

There is no doubt that during the rioting the Republican tricolour was flying from several Bogside buildings. To Protestant opinion throughout Ulster, it seemed obvious that the province was facing a Fenian insurrection.

The next afternoon, as the wind shifted and began to blow CS gas back into the city's Protestant area, the order went out from the new Prime Minister in Stormont to mobilise the B-Specials.

Almost at once these armed and scarcely trained men began to mingle with Protestant mobs who were burning shops in the outlying Catholic pocket of Bishop Street. There would have been a ferocious clash between the Specials and the Bogsiders if events had continued on this course.

But at 3.30, half-an-hour after the call went out for the B-men, Chichester-Clark had called Downing Street and said that his police could no longer guarantee order in Derry. At the same time a letter from the police chief Peacocke conveyed the same formula to an un-surprised General Freeland.

It was a call—this time unavoidable—for British troops.

Northern Ireland's permanent garrison was not in great strength because earlier that month one of the four battalions had been sent to Kenya. But the police admission that order could no longer be maintained meant they had to be committed at once. At 5 pm that day—Thursday, August 14, 1969—the first truckloads of soldiers began rumbling across the River Foyle into Derry.

AS THE POLICE DEPARTED, the Bogsiders cheered. There could be no doubt that the RUC withdrawal was a short-term Catholic victory, nor that the news of that

cheer reached Belfast the same evening. In Derry, of course, a Catholic victory is always possible, for the Catholics have a local majority and easy access to the border with the Republic. In Belfast, the Catholics are outnumbered and hemmed into their ghettos: traditionally, the Belfast Catholics have been held hostage for the good behaviour of others elsewhere.

And on Thursday night, the traditional mechanism went into action in Belfast.

The sending of troops into Derry was bound to shatter the last remnants of civil order in Belfast. Because the B-men had to be mobilised before there could be a call to the military, the Catholics, in genuine fear, would start to barricade the Falls and Ardoyne ghettos. Because it meant a defeat for the RUC, it would provoke Protestant attacks on the Catholic areas, in which the police would be likely to get involved.

Whatever the trigger, there can be no doubt of the ferocity of the violence which reached its apex in Belfast on the night of August 14/15, 1969. Before it was extinguished, ten civilians had been killed and 145 civilians and four policemen wounded by gunfire.

The RUC was in an anxious mood. According to Deputy Commissioner Bradley, intelligence sources said the IRA had plans to pick off selected officers with sniper fire.

(In fact, it was not until October that the first RUC man was killed, and then it was by a Protestant gunman.)

The events of August 14/15 in Belfast are known in Catholic mythology as "the pogrom," a misuse of history as severe as any Protestant rubbish about the Revolution Settlement. The Scarman transcripts disclose nothing akin to the Turkish massacre of the Armenians: they do disclose, however, the RUC using firearms with such freedom as to quite disqualify it from being called a police force. And the circumstances in which Shoreland armoured cars with Browning machine guns came into play were certainly such as to provide the seeds for myth.

The Shorelands—unarmed had first been brought on to the Belfast streets to control rioting on Tuesday. On Wednesday morning Inspector Anthony Peacocke, head of the RUC, had consulted with Arthur Wolsley, the Commissioner for Belfast, and Wolsley's deputy, S. J. Bradley. An immediate order was placed for ten more Shorelands. This decision was certainly Peacocke's, as evidence before the Scarman Tribunal shows. But the decision was also taken to arm the existing Shorelands with 30 calibre Browning machine guns, and this no one is prepared to acknowledge.

Bradley told the Tribunal that he and Wolsley recommended to Peacocke that the guns—normally kept to border skirmishes—should be fitted. Peacocke said he could not remember being asked to take such a decision. They were, however, fitted, and several inexperienced crews were assembled to man them.

Troops enter Belfast and a myth is born

A Browning machine-gun of this sort has a range of about two miles, and fires ten high-velocity bullets every second. It is a sophisticated weapon of war, unsuited for riot control in a crowded city.

Around midnight on August 14, there was a battle near the Divis Street section of the Falls Road. Here, a complex of post-war flats and maisonettes overlooks a mass of Victorian terraces. It is a Catholic area.

A mob from the Protestant Shankill Road, slightly to the north, had come down to attack the St. Columba's Catholic School on Falls Road near the Divis Flats. Shots were being exchanged, both Catholics and Protestants were being wounded, and just as a detachment of three Shorelands arrived a Protestant civilian named Herbert Roy was shot.

The police believed that there was at least one man shooting from the Divis Flats. In the opinion of District Inspector Cushey, in charge there, it would have been correct for the Shorelands to fire at the flats, if they could see an "identifiable target." This, even though innocent people in the flats would be endangered. One such

person was a nine-year-old boy named Patrick Rooney, who was sheltering in his bedroom.

Head-Constable Gray first told the armoured car crews they could open fire. To judge from his evidence, Gray was under considerable pressure. "People were shouting, 'A man is dying, a man is dying. What are you going to do?'" (The man was Herbert Roy, bleeding to death on the pavement.) Gray's suggestion was that the armoured cars might fire over people's heads: Inspector Cushey amplified this by saying they could engage "identifiable targets."

Exactly how the cars came to open fire, and what they thought they were firing at, is not clear from the evidence of the crews—who appeared at the Scarman Tribunal under code-names. One man thought there was a machine-gunner by the Divis Flats. Another was a grenade-thower. It was quite clear, however, from subsequent investigation that at least eight bursts of Browning fire hit the Divis flats. The guns cannot in practice fire fewer than five rounds in a burst.

Four bullets entered Patrick Rooney's bedroom, and blew half his head away.

It should, of course, be said that of the six people killed on that night, several were Protestants like Herbert Roy. But they were killed in Catholic areas: in other words, they were not killed by Catholic mobs going into Protestant districts. And indeed, where police guns and batons did drive the Catholics off the streets, they were followed over and over again by Protestant mobs setting fire to houses. By Friday morning, around 150 houses, nearly all Catholic, had been destroyed by fire.

THE FLOW OF EVENTS NOW began to submerge both Army and politicians. When his troops went into Derry, General Freeland realised they would have to cover Belfast, too. But he told Whitehall that he was so short of men that they would have to be deployed with exceptional care for any hope of success: at least thirty-six hours would be required. The Vice-Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Fitzgeorge-Balfour, agreed, and the Home Secretary was told that the troops would go into Belfast on Saturday, August 16.

But at noon on Friday, August 15, Callaghan had a Press briefing scheduled. With the morning papers carrying the news of the burning of Belfast, he could hardly have cancelled it. Callaghan badly needed something to say. "Gentlemen," he announced, "the troops are going into Belfast."

FREELAND GOT THE NEWS OF this abrupt acceleration of the move to Belfast when he happened to tune in to BBC radio's World at One news programme.

Fitzgeorge-Balfour and Roy Hattersley, the Army Minister, heard at the same time, and there was an argument of no small proportions which culminated in this exchange:

FITZGEORGE-BALFOUR (opposing the move): As an old soldier, let me tell you that time spent on reconnaissance is never wasted.

HATTERSLEY: As a young politician, let me tell you that when the Home Secretary says troops are going into Belfast, troops are going into Belfast.

Two hours later, the soldiers were desperately trying to get in between the two communities, but without any certainty where one ended and the other began. "We couldn't have been worse off," said Freeland. The Army was going in too late to save the Catholics from the attacks of the night before, too early to be prepared against future attacks, and too thin on the ground to be effective. Out of the confusion, another Catholic myth was born.

continued from preceding page
and leave the way open for the ruthless exploitation of new senses of grievance.

Indeed, the first tangible result of Labour policy was a misunderstanding which almost destroyed the authority of James Chichester-Clark, their supposed agent of reform.

On August 19, 1969, James Chichester-Clark, escorted by Brian Faulkner, went to London for a five-hour bargaining session with Harold Wilson, James Callaghan and Denis Healey. The outcome was the famous "Downing Street Declaration," which committed both governments to reform in housing, employment and civil liberties. But it turned out that what was not written down was what really mattered.

Discussing strategy before the meeting, Chichester-Clark, Faulkner and Robert Porter, the new Ulster Minister for Home Affairs, had realised that Labour would want the B-Specials disbanded. They also agreed that it would be political suicide to agree.

They devised a scheme, and when the B-men came up, Chichester-Clark sprang it. Why not, he proposed, put both the police and the B-Specials under Army command?

"I think you could fairly say," he reported later, "that a plan might have been heard to drop." The three Labour men retired to consider this suspicious surrender; when they returned, accepting it, Chichester-Clark thought that he was home. He agreed to their suggestion that the B-Specials should also be "phased out" of riot control.

The meeting broke up just as ITN's News at Ten was beginning, and Wilson went on at once to announce that "the B-Specials are being phased out." Horrified viewers in Ulster took this to mean disbandment—which was exactly what it did mean in the mind of Denis Healey, at least.

Of course, it was not what Chichester-Clark had in mind. But he was at the other end of the studio, and he did not hear what Wilson was saying. Therefore, when he followed Wilson on to the programme and muttered a few standard sentiments, he appeared to acquiesce in the destruction of the B-men. He had no idea what he had done—or what had been done to him—until he landed at Belfast Airport in the early hours and was met by his incredulous wife, who had watched the programme.

At once, a feeling of doom overcame Chichester-Clark. In retrospect, he feels that he never really recovered from the damage the episode did him. He just about managed to quell the inevitable revolt among the Stormont Unionists by handing out assurances on the future of the B-men, but in the Downing Street talks he had agreed to the idea that Lord Hunt should be appointed to look into the organisation of the Ulster police.

When, on October 10, 1969, Lord Hunt reported, and recommended that the B-men indeed be disbanded, it merely seemed that Chichester-Clark had been party to a plot.

Freeland gives the rioters a bloody nose

THE HUNT REPORT CAME AS AN appalling shock to Protestant opinion, because moreover it recommended that the regular RUC should be sweepingly reformed and disarmed. Its release on a Friday night was admirably timed to fit in with the weekly rhythms of Belfast violence (a mistake which has not been repeated), and it evoked riots from the Protestant Shankill mob as bad as anything since 1922.

An RUC inspector was killed: no policeman, surely, could die a more ironic death than to be shot down by a mob protesting against disarmament of his own force. But the most potent thing about these riots was the manner in which the Army put them down. It illustrates, outside the Catholic context, the effects which follow when an army is pressed into service as a police force.

The Army claimed later that the rioters fired more than 1,000 rounds from weapons which included a machine-gun and several sub-machine-guns. Even if that figure is a little high, there can be no doubt that the Shankill riots were a considerable affray. Equally, there is no doubt that the Army's reaction was vigorous. "We gave them a bloody nose," said Freeland.

The heartiness of that euphemism begins to convey the difference between civilian and military scales of violence, for the "bloody nose" amounted to two Protestants shot dead by Army marksmen, and a large number injured.

Edward Bawman, a 32-year-old plumber's mate, was one of the injured. Bawman and two friends were among those accused in court of disorderly behaviour. An Army sergeant said that he had seen three men throwing stones: when they flew down a side street, he was ordered to pursue and arrest them.

Bawman said in court that he and the other two had been talking outside his house when soldiers charged down the street. They fled indoors to avoid trouble. Seconds later the soldiers burst in, and the evidence of violence was not arguable: Bawman had a broken arm, and at the hearing another was still in hospital with a fractured skull.

"They beat us and beat us and beat us," he said. The case against

Bawman and his friends was dismissed because the magistrates could find no clear pattern in the evidence, except that violence had clearly been used and the accused men had been the recipients.

The ruggedness of the military approach to law and order was one thing. There were also signs that its application might be arbitrary: a point which can be made by looking at some of the cases in which evidence was given by Sergeant William Power of the Third Battalion, Light Infantry.

Sergeant Power, clearly an outstanding soldier, won the BEM for his courage during the Shankill riots. He gave evidence in at least a dozen cases—mostly charges of disorderly behaviour—arising from them. In four, convictions were overturned on appeal, when striking inconsistencies emerged from Army evidence.

The Army gets down the barricades

There was the case of Cyril Brinkley, a labourer aged thirty-one. Sergeant Power said that about midnight he saw Brinkley come forward from a crowd of about 800 and throw a petrol bomb. Power said he had then dashed forward and arrested Brinkley.

Brinkley told, in detail, a different story which the magistrate did not believe but the higher court did:

After watching Match of the Day on television, I was out for a walk about midnight when I heard someone say that a man had been shot. I went to Mansfield Street, where I saw a man who I knew lying on the ground.

I took a white cloth and eventually reached the Shankill Road, where I went up to a military barricade and asked if I could phone for an ambulance... I was told to shut up. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground. My face was busted, also my right eye... The nearest I ever got to a petrol bomb was seeing them on TV.

When we subsequently checked the Army log for that night, October 11/12, we found corroboration for Brinkley's story.

Such incidents do not remotely justify Ian Paisley's claim at the time that the British Army was emulating the SS. They do not show that Sergeant Power was deliberately lying. What they do support is the reasoned complaint of a senior police officer that "the Army quite often had no idea who they had arrested, when or where."

This is scarcely surprising, for soldiers are not trained to make arrests and note evidence. As a result, the Army can be used for community pacification only with certain clear risks to relations between the community and the Executive, something that few people in or out of Whitehall had taken on board in 1969. Mr Enoch Powell emphasised the point in a speech yesterday, but even now it sounds perverse.

In 1969 the relations thus put at risk were between the Protestant and the ruling power. It was not until the start of this year that the corrosive impact of the Army began to bear upon the Catholics.

The British Army is composed of decent, honourable and well-trained men, but given this intrinsic unsuitability for the job it is irrelevant to say that "no other army" could have shown such restraint, or to compare it favourably with American behaviour in Vietnam. Towards the end of 1969 there were several behind-the-scenes disputes about this basic question, between General Freeland and Sir Arthur Young, the City of London policeman sent out, after the Hunt Report, to take over the RUC from Anthony Peacocke and civilianise it.

Freeland's original orders in August had been "to command and task" the RUC as well as the Army. Young, when he arrived, got that changed, though he had to threaten resignation, and Freeland's responsibility became to "co-ordinate" Army and police. Young and Freeland did not always see eye to eye on what this meant, but there was no direct way to resolve conflicts, because the British Government was similarly divided. Healey ran the Army, Callaghan ran the police, and Callaghan, jealous of the Home Office's role, saw to it that plans for a joint Ulster Department were scrapped.

In theory, difficulties should have been solved at Stormont's Joint Security Committee, chaired by Robert Porter, with Freeland and Young as its most powerful members. But Freeland had been given sole charge of "security operation" by the Downing Street Declaration, and he felt that this entitled him to mount road-blocks, searches, vehicle curfews and the like without necessarily consulting the committee.

IN SEPTEMBER THE ARMY HAD a signal victory in its volatile relations with the Catholics. It got the barricades down—by talking with the IRA, still in its peaceful posture.

The Unionists complained furiously, and accurately, that the Army was negotiating with the IRA. But there was very little choice about this, unless the Army wanted to fight its way in and destroy the barricades itself (which was just what the Unionists wanted to see).

In negotiating to get the Falls barricade down, Freeland's chief of staff, Brigadier Tony Dyball, had a certain number of contacts to work through. On the Belfast "Peace Committee," he had met a Falls Road priest named Fr Patrick Murphy, who had close contacts with the CCDC, which was largely

A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

dominated by Jim Sullivan of the IRA.

On Saturday, September 6, Freeland himself went to the upstairs room of St. Peter's Presbytery on the Falls Road to meet Fr Murphy, a businessman named Tom Conaty (another Peace Council contact), Jim Sullivan himself and what Murphy called "six or eight good men and true," who accompanied Sullivan.

Disastrously, in the Army view, news of the meeting reached Tony Geraghty of The Sunday Times, and next day we carried a report that the Army was negotiating with the IRA. It was one of those hard cases where a true report has unhappy consequences. That night, there was a Protestant riot in Belfast, and on Monday, September 8, Chichester-Clark had to go on television and say that the barricades were an act of defiance, and must come down in twenty-four hours.

Both Army and Catholic leaders were horrified, and everyone began to play for time. The idea came up of a delegation to Callaghan, and after hasty factional debate, a formidable team was assembled: Conaty and Murphy of the Peace Council; Paddy Devlin and Paddy Sullivan, both MPs in the Catholic minority at Stormont; Gerry Fitt, a colleague at Stormont and also the Westminster MP for Belfast West; Jim Sullivan from the CCDC (or the IRA) and a lawyer named Jim McSparren. Callaghan agreed to see this gathering at 2 pm on Thursday, and in the meantime the threat of barricade removal was held over.

The meeting lasted seven hours. Callaghan said that he couldn't see Sullivan, because of the rumpus over The Sunday Times story, so Sullivan and Paddy Kennedy repaired to the Irish Club. (According to Conaty, they later came back secretly to meet Callaghan in his ante-room.) Agreement was reached, with Callaghan's personal assurance that if the barricades came down there would be soldiers at each end of every street to prevent Protestant incursions.

The weekend was spent trying to sell this deal to the rest of the CCDC, in the face of obstruction from men like Billy McKee and Francis Card, who were soon to emerge as leaders of the Provisional IRA. On Monday, when the Army was getting desperate, Fr Murphy had to call in his bishop, Dr Philbin, to work over the CCDC leadership.

Just before midnight, Brigadier Dyball rang Murphy, and the priest said it looked all right for Tuesday morning, but not too early for God's sake. Murphy still needed time to explain things, to get some sleep, and get back on the street for the demolition.

They agreed on 11 am. Then Dyball called back to suggest 9 am. Murphy said it was too early—even when the Bishop called, at Freeland's instigation, also to ask for 9 am. Murphy fell into bed at 5.30, to be awakened at 8.30 with the news that the Army had arrived.

When Murphy refused to come out, the Army waited patiently till 11 am, when Dr Philbin turned up and the demolition began. In front of the TV cameras, the Bishop received a long denunciation from one of the future Provisionals, but all the barricades were down by Wednesday morning.

Ten days later, three Catholic houses were burnt, and the barricades went up again. This time Murphy negotiated directly with Freeland, and once more they were removed.

THAT SUCH A RAW-EDGED relationship between the Army and the Catholics should have survived through the autumn and into 1970 was an amazing feat of human relations. But the underlying danger remained—the fact that no Army, however well it conducts itself, is really adapted for police work.

Arthur Young, the police chief, continued to argue that the presence of the Army on the streets kept the tension screwed up and made it virtually impossible to get any civilian policing under way. "My task," Young used to say, "is to talk the police back into the Falls," a piece of shorthand for a complex political problem.

The Unionist, and the general Protestant position was that when

the Army had arrived in August and separated the two communities, it had "expelled" the police from the Catholic areas. These were the famous "no-go" areas behind the barricades, with which Ian Paisley made such play.

Since the Army had expelled the police from the Falls, said the Unionists, the Army must somehow put them back. The truth was that the RUC had not patrolled the Falls area for five years, except in pairs of armed Land Rovers—indeed, in the days of Home Affairs Minister Craig they had close a station in the Falls, just as in the Bogside of Derry. But although Freeland, Young and Porter all knew this, none of them could say it publicly.

The first task was to somehow win the Catholics' confidence, and Young's policy was simply to talk to anyone. Seated beneath tricolour flags, listening to boozey Republican songs, Young got an ovation from the Central Citizens' Defence Committee above a bar in the Lower Falls, and if he heard the sound of previous RUC chiefs reviving in their graves he gave no sign.

The method scarcely commanded it to Protestant opinion, and in mid-October, 1969, with Young in

fined a baton charge, in RUC terms, as "each policeman drawing his baton, and striking the nearest member of the public" but also under strength, out of date, and demoralised by having been placed under Army command.

It was easy enough to restore formal independence, and with a little more difficulty the RUC was persuaded to drop the distinction of being the only armed police force in Britain.

But to get the force back in charge of the streets was another matter. Here, Freeland effectively had the final say, and he neither agreed with Young's optimism about the RUC changes, nor saw the argument that the Army's presence on the streets actually hindered further RUC improvement.

The Army thought RUC staff work semi-literate ("You couldn't get them to number paragraphs," said one of Freeland's officers, "because they used to write like Mark Twain—start a new paragraph when you feel like a drink"), and they thought its intelligence was years out of date. But basically they considered the RUC as not really a police force at all, but an undisciplined paramilitary body.

group reported in the early days of January, 1970, that it was time to make an end of Special Powers, at least in the form in which it stood.

The Act, they said, was demonstratively despotic, and much of it was meaningless, or unenforceable, or both. Some especially useless additions had been made during the Craig regime: membership of "Republican clubs" had been made illegal, and the sale of the IRA paper, the United Irishman, had been proscribed.

The first was unenforceable, there being no sensible way of defining a Republican club. The second was bigotry, since on the whole the United Irishman (the voice of the Official or "political" IRA) was scarcely more inflammatory than such Protestant journals as the Newsletter, Belfast's respectable morning paper.

(An anecdote illustrates the flavour of Newsletter thought: the paper was, and is, fond of advocating "firm measures" to deal with Catholic disorder. One day, a high-ranking British officer was sufficiently annoyed to get the editor, Cowan Watson, into a conversational corner and make him reveal just what "measures" he had in mind. At last, the astounded officer understood Watson to suggest that perhaps a few Catholic hostages could be taken, and if necessary shot. Confirming this to us later, Watson said that he thought the

Kelvin Brodie

Freeland made the vital

decision that fear is str

at the respect for legal techni

Next evening, after a dini

the Wellington Park

Burroughs took the Catholic

Tom Conaty, aside in the car

and told him of the Security

mittee's decision. Conaty, wh

by now chairman of the CC

organisation he had originally

shy of because of its "Republ

connections" knew that this

illegal "defenders" (ie. IRA)

would offer their services

Catholic ghetto-dwellers; it

point which Burroughs also st

Burroughs told Conaty th

would do all he could to g

decision changed, and woul

his personal access to the E

Prime Minister. At mid

Burroughs got a call throu

Edward Heath, who had then

in Downing Street just eight

Burroughs told Heath that

shed over the weekend was

inevitable—unless Heath st

in and banned the Prot

marches. Heath listened

and said that he would consu

new Home Secretary, Re

Maudling. They decided i

nothing.

Attorney-General Kelly's work

party advised that out of the

Special Powers Act, only the power

of internment should be kept—but

instead of being dependent upon

the signature only of the Minister

of Home Affairs, it should, under a

new Act, become possible to intro

duce it only with the prior consent

of Parliament. Virtually everything

else, such as the right to suspend

inquests, and the police right to

hold a man indefinitely on sus

A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

ed from preceding page
out anybody being hurt.
gs died down quite sud-
it the scene was set for a
ight.

was more shooting, again
around 10 pm. Shortly
ds a Protestant group
set fire to the church with
mbs: the sexton's house
was set alight. By this
e Stormont MP, Paddy
was there, and he went
to Pottinger RUC station
to ask for protection for
ch. He was told that the
as already over-stretched
est of the river, and noth-
be done.

n the scene were the Bel-
gade commander of the
al IRA, Billy McKee; the
talion commander, Billy
d his followers; and some
elances with guns. At
the time that Kennedy
the police station, Kelly
he approached a group
men in the Newtownards
d asked them to do some-
about protecting the
but they refused.

goes on that he then
led the officer in charge
all army patrol, but was
You can stow in your own
Whether all the details of
exchanges are accurate is
say, but whatever was the
the Ardoyne earlier, the
in the Short Strand
seem to have had only
ve intentions.

nd 11 pm, Protestant
under covering fire from
ets to the north, began to
the church with petrol
Kelly and his men, estab-
among the gravestones,
to shoot back, and Billy
joined in the battle, over-
strongly-voiced objections.

was a breach of the rules
ke: in any local situation,
e chief of staff is supposed
r to the local commander.)
shooting went on until
when the Army at last
By then two Protestants
en killed: another two died
from their injuries, and
more were wounded. (As
akers, the Protestants were
re exposed.)

ee himself had also been
ly wounded: he and another
onal called McIlhone sud-
came face-to-face with a
ant gunman who had actu-
t inside the churchyard.
opened fire with a carbine.
McKee, McIlhone hesitated
al moment. The Protestant
n had faster reflexes or
nhibitions. He shot McIlhone
the chest.
fact that so long a gun-

battle could go on was, of course,
a simple failure by the Army in its
basic task of getting in between the
two sides. Catholic imagination
soon added new dimensions: it was
said in the Short Strand that the
Army had sealed the bridges over
the river, so that the attackers
could finish the task at leisure.
The truth was that, just as Kennedy
had been told, the Army was just
so busy in West Belfast that no
one was spare to look the other
way.

Surveying the wreckage of the
weekend, which claimed six lives
in all, and £500,000-worth of
damage, Ronald Burroughs said to a
friend: "That was the greatest
miscalculation I have ever seen
made in the course of my whole
life." But there was worse to come,
very shortly.

Maudling: What a bloody awful country

THE NEW HOME SECRETARY, Reginald Maudling, had a chance to help retrieve things when he arrived in Belfast the following Tuesday, June 30, for a quick visit. But unlike Callaghan, Maudling could not even manage a helpfully emollient presence. "Tell me,"

said one of those who met Maudling,

"is he really as innocent as

he seems? He didn't appear to

grasp the first thing of what was

going on."

Maudling's own feelings were

made clear as his plane gathered

height on the way back to London.

"For God's sake bring me a large

Scotch," he said. "What a bloody

awful country."

At about the time Maudling

boarded his plane on July 1, a small

group of men approached the

occupant of 24 Balkan Street, a

terrace house in one of the maze

of streets threading the Lower Falls

Catholic enclave in the centre of

Belfast.

They were from the leadership

of the "Official" wing of the IRA.

(The Falls, the main Catholic

ghetto, is the homeland of the

Officials—the more aggressive

Provisionals being dominant in the

outlying areas.) The occupant of

No. 24 was an "auxiliary," which

is to say he was not a member of

the "Officials" but that, in the

aftermath of the burnings of

August, 1969, he had volunteered

to do some arms drill in case a Falls

militia were needed.

The Officials asked this man to
store a load of arms. The auxiliary
was horrified. He had a wife and
children; and this was more than
he had bargained for. Reluctantly,
he agreed—on condition that the
arms stayed only 24 hours. The
consignment was 15 pistols, a
Scheisser submachine-gun (a
World War Two relic, minus maga-
zine and assorted ammunition).

When the 24 hours were up, the
Officials said there had been a mix-
up. On the morning of July 3, therefore,
when the auxiliary left for work, his wife went once more to
the Officials. They reassured her
the arms would be removed after
dusk.

But the next visitors to No. 24
were not the IRA. Shortly after
4.30 pm a police car and four or
five Army trucks roared into Balkan
Street. While the Royal Scots
soldiers sealed the street, the police
began to search the house.

That account of the background
to the Balkan Street arms haul—the
biggest in the past two years—
was pieced together later by a
local priest. It fits in with the
Army's subsequent analysis.

The information on Balkan Street
came to the Army from three
police raids in Hammersmith, London, on July 2, which
had themselves produced four
Bren light machine-guns, 12 rifles
and 17,000 rounds of assorted
ammunition. On July 3 the CID
officer who had led the Hammersmith
raids arrived in Ulster. The
troops moved into Balkan Street
only hours later.

No doubt they were glad to get
a good tip about illegal arms. But
it seems doubtful that anyone at
Army HQ in Lisburn had considered
the cumulative effect of arms raids

on this most sensitive of Catholic
areas, only six days after the mayhem
following the Orange parades, which
it was known the Army had forced through.

Against a background of open jubilation by the
Stormont Unionists at the Tory
election triumph in England, it did
not need an overly paranoid Catholic to discern a political-military plot.

IRONICALLY IT IS EASIER in
retrospect to see the affair for what
it was: not the result of new Tory
pressure, but just the reverse—the
lack of any political pressure at all. Under Labour scarcely a day had
passed without, say, the Army
Minister, Roy Hattersley, on the
phone querying decisions as
apparently trivial as the use of the
water cannon. Freeland now had
freedom and liked it: "Not so many
backseat drivers," he said approvingly.

But the Tory silence, if it pleased

Freeland, fretted some of his col-



Belfast 1970: pitched battle around St Matthew's Church

force the original beleaguered
lorry-load.

A shipment of raw troops had
just arrived in Belfast and were
waiting in lorries for dispersal.
They were sent in—and they
were absolutely terrified," the
Chief of the Brigadier Staff, Brigadier
Hudson, admitted later.

Until about 7 pm things remained
more or less under control, because
Brigadier Hudson was directing
events from a helicopter. Suddenly,
Hudson and pilot heard a loud clang
in the airframe and the pilot,
thinking it might be the impact
of a bullet, put the machine down
in the grounds of the Royal
Victoria Hospital.

By the time Hudson was on the
move again, things were out of control,
with confused troops crowding
into the area, bumping into
each other and firing more and
more CS gas.

The inhabitants, alarmed at such
disorganised behaviour, took it for
an invasion. By 8.30, nail bombs
and petrol bombs were being
thrown, and two, perhaps three
grenades were thrown, injuring
five of the Royal Scots. Shooting
also began—and some of it seems
to have been random shooting by
the soldiers.

By 10 pm Freeland believed that
the only way to stop widespread
bloodshed was to get everyone off
the streets. He declared a curfew
over the whole Falls area, and he
did not lift it until Sunday morning,
35 hours later.

The decision was entirely Free-
land's own. He did not consult
the rest of Stormont's Security
Committee, let alone Westminster.
Had Young, the police chief, been
consulted, he could only have said,
anyway, what was soon all too clear
—which was that Freeland did not
have the legal authority to impose a
curfew. (For this reason, none of the
Falls people arrested for
curfew-breaking were prosecuted.)

But while the curfew lasted, the
Army took the opportunity to conduct
a house-to-house search of the
whole area—and this obvious military
course also contained some
slight political element. Freeland
was under numerous pressures from
Chichester-Clark, and insofar as
Maudling's brief visit had
dealt with policy matters at all, it
had been to suggest that the Army
might do a little more to make
Chichester-Clark's life easier.

Area searches were a device
close to Chichester-Clark's heart:
normally, the military refused to
consider them on the grounds that
the opprobrium incurred out-
weighed any advantage. But since
they had incurred the opprobrium
anyway, Chichester-Clark might as
well be given a leg up. Just as the
soldiers had always prophesied, the

returns were not large—especially
if it was considered as the arsenal
of 30,000 people supposedly bent
upon violent conspiracy.

For this haul, the Army paid a
very high price. Four civilians
were dead: one run over by the
Army, and three shot. None of the
dead was alleged to be connected
with the IRA, but it is perhaps
fortunate, in view of the volume of
fire, that more people did not die.

Illegal confinement, summary
search and exposure to unpre-
dicted amounts of CS gas outraged
large sections of the Falls Road
population.

But on top of this, men from
two of the regiments involved, the
Black Watch and the Devon and
Dorsets, were accused of smashing
up and sometimes looting the
houses they searched. General
Farrar-Hockley, after a rigorous inquiry,
came to the conclusion that this had indeed happened, even
though he could not get the evidence
to justify charges. (He found that although the Falls Road citizens
wanted to vent their wrath against the Army, they would not
identify individual soldiers, out of a traditional distaste for "felons."
The writer Conor Cruise O'Brien
was in the Falls Road when the
confined people came boiling out
of their homes on Sunday morning.
An Army helicopter was cruising
over the whole Falls area, and he
did not lift it until Sunday morning,
35 hours later.

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soldiers had always prophesied, the

It was not quite the end of relations
between the Army and the Catholics, but was the decisive
change. From then on, it was all,
or nearly all, downhill. Brigadier
Hudson, who saw all too clearly
what had happened, called a meeting
of community leaders on the
day the curfew was lifted. "Let's
keep talking," he said.
"What's the use?" he was asked.
Not everybody in Ulster was
upset and angry, though. As the
Falls Road arms haul was displayed
in the yard of Terence Street police
station, the Stormont Home Affairs
Minister, William Long, squeezed
the arm of a young constable. "It's
a grand day for us," he said.
It was indeed: the Army had
been "turned round." The next
development was to draw the Army
itself into the corrupt mechanism
of the Orange supremacy.

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NEXT WEEK: The slide to internment

Obstacle of the oath

THE VAST majority of 400 people held under the Special Powers Act in Northern Ireland have still not been given any official reason for their detention without trial.

Although the Act provides for a quasi-judicial review of internment orders, it is now clear that this procedure is not judicial in any real sense.

So far less than 10 per cent of those interned have voluntarily gone before Internment Advisory Committee, which makes recommendations to Stormont on possible release.

There is little sign of this proportion getting any higher.

Mr Christopher Napier, a Belfast solicitor who represents several internees at the Long Kesh camp, said: "There is now what amounts to a boycott of the Advisory Committee among most internees. They regard it not as a judicial body but as an extension of the interrogation procedure."

The Stormont regime, as part of its justification for internment, has laid great emphasis on the impartiality of this committee. And its personnel is distinguished enough. The chairman Judge James Brown, is an experienced County Court judge, and his two assistants Philip Dalton, an English Roman Catholic with a long record of judicial work in the colonies, and R. N. Berkeley, a Belfast businessman, are both men of moderate persuasion.

It is not, however, the men that are complained of so much as the procedure.

The committee is not obliged to set out the allegations against the accused or to tell him of the evidence against him. The burden is on the internee not only to establish his innocence but also to imagine what he might be guilty of. According to those who have gone before him, Judge Brown's conventional opening remark is: "Why do you think you are here?"

The hearing is private and the internee is not allowed any legal representation when he meets the committee.

The internee is given no clue as to the identity of his accusers though Judge Brown may refer from time to time to security dossiers on his desk.

The committee cannot implement release, it can make only recommendations to the Ministry of Home Affairs. It thereby lacks the independence of a judicial tribunal.

Interviews with internees usually last 15 to 30 minutes and the committee is empowered to call witnesses on the official side, though not in the presence of the internee.

There can be no complaint about the committee's willingness to hear cases. Its office is now situated just outside Long Kesh internment camp and specific appeals are heard "within a few days." But because of the paucity of appeals the committee has taken to reviewing cases without being asked. They have actually seen 80 internees who did not ask for an audience.

Quite apart from the process involved there is what many internees consider the insuperable obstacle of the Oath.

Taking an Oath is not apparently a condition of release, but all those who come before the committee are asked if they are prepared to make it. The ten internees who have been released all took the Oath which reads:

"I swear by Almighty God that for the remainder of my life I will not join nor assist any illegal organisation nor engage in any violence nor counsel nor encourage others so to do."

The Oath is considerably more onerous than it looks. Under the Special Powers Act there are no less than 15 illegal organisations listed, only one of which, the Ulster Volunteer Force, is Protestant. It includes, for example, the Republican Clubs which have long been regarded as non-violent Catholic pressure groups. Before internment their officers regularly entered into open and formal negotiations with the public authorities on local issues.

But the real sticking point is the undertaking "for life" not to assist an illegal organisation. The Special Powers Act gives the Minister of Home Affairs power to proscribed any organisation by regulation in a rapidly polarising situation, politically active Catholics are naturally alarmed by the prospect that any body favouring a United Ireland policy, however non-violent, could be banned.

It is probably, of course, that among the 90 per cent of internees who have not sought the assistance of the Brown Committee that there are those with something to hide. But the evidence is accumulating that there may be many others who refuse its help on other grounds.

Mr Paschal O'Hare, another Belfast solicitor with internee clients, said yesterday: "To get out of Long Kesh an innocent man has to accept a procedure that runs counter to all the traditions of British justice. Many, to their credit, are just not prepared to do that."

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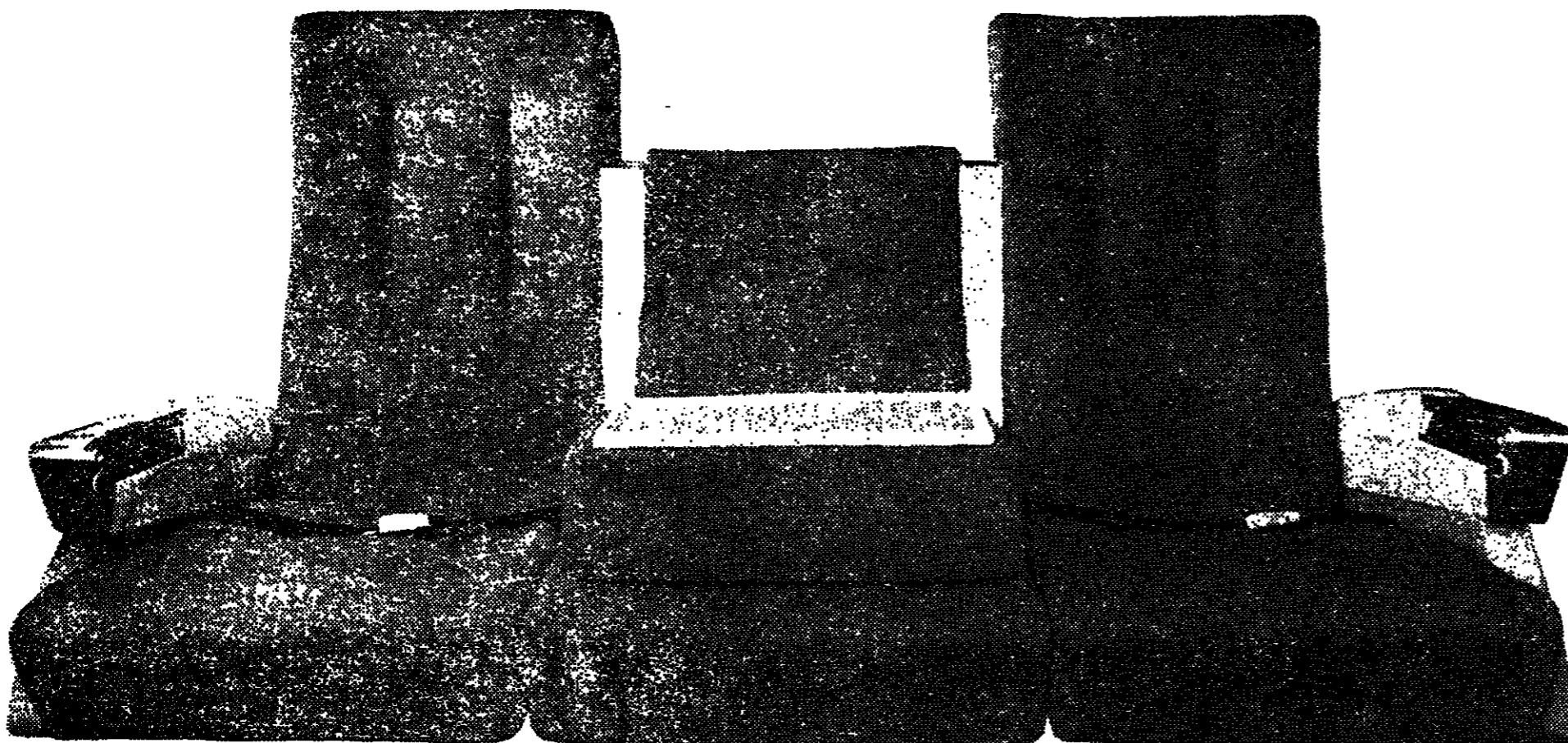
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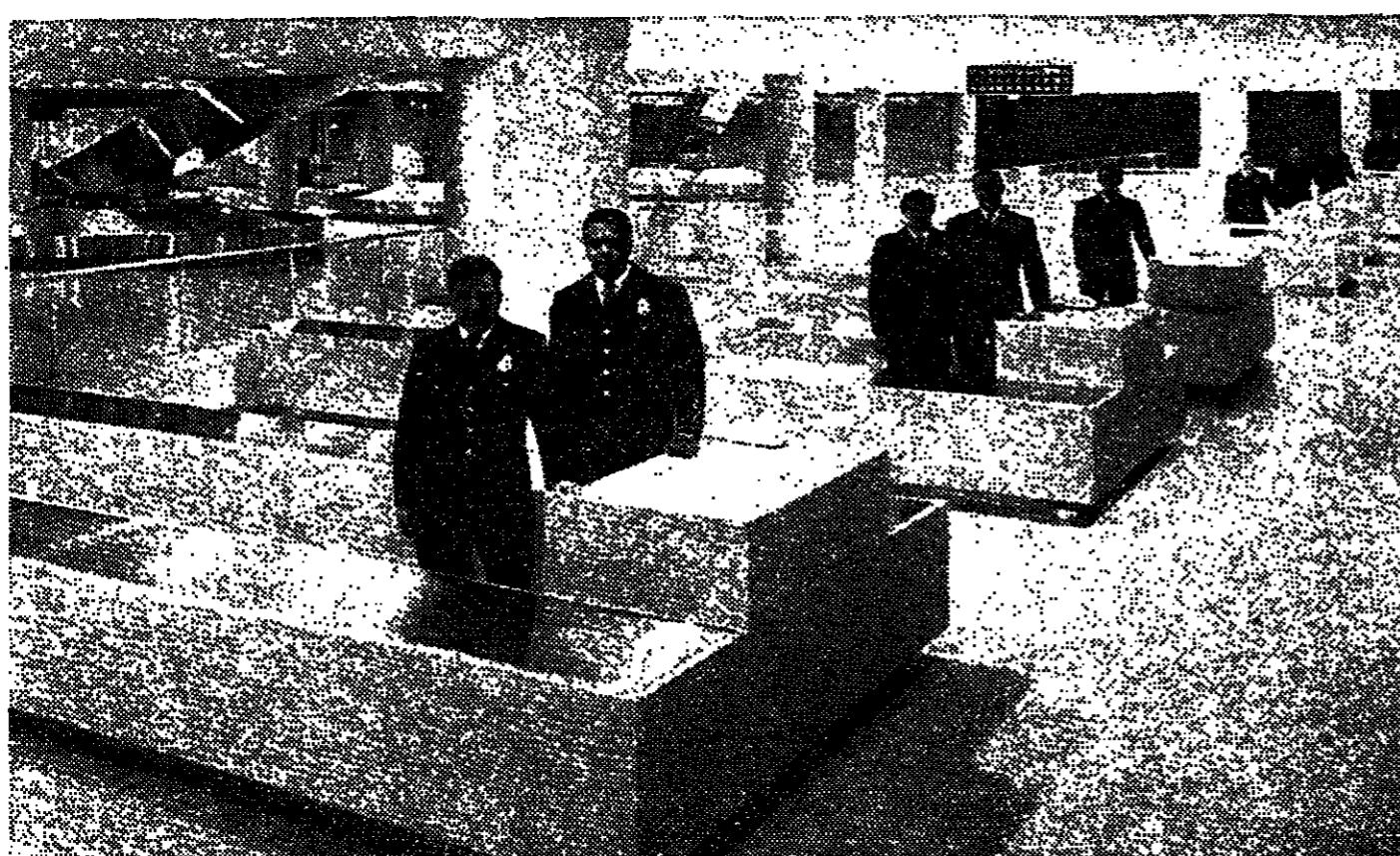
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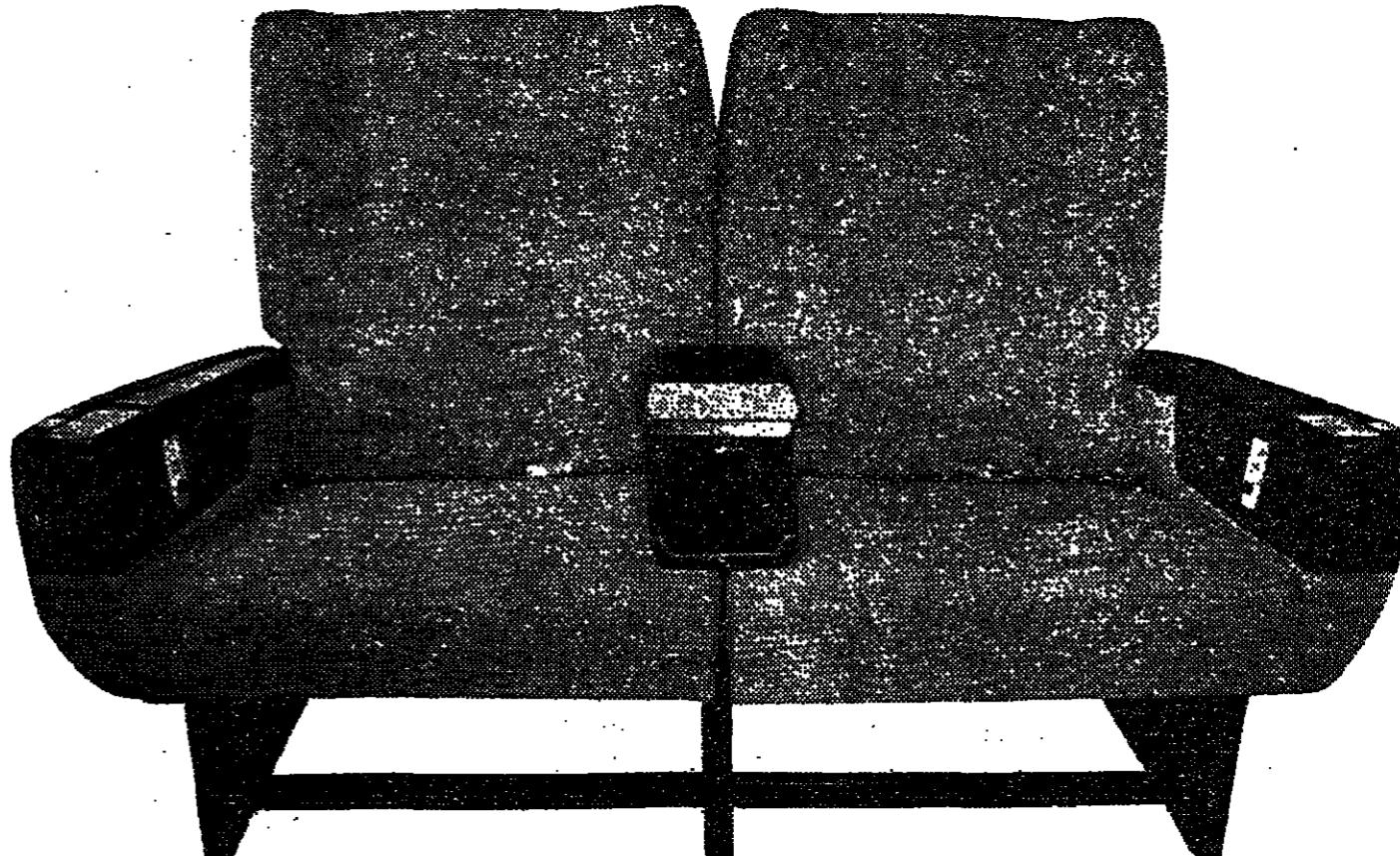
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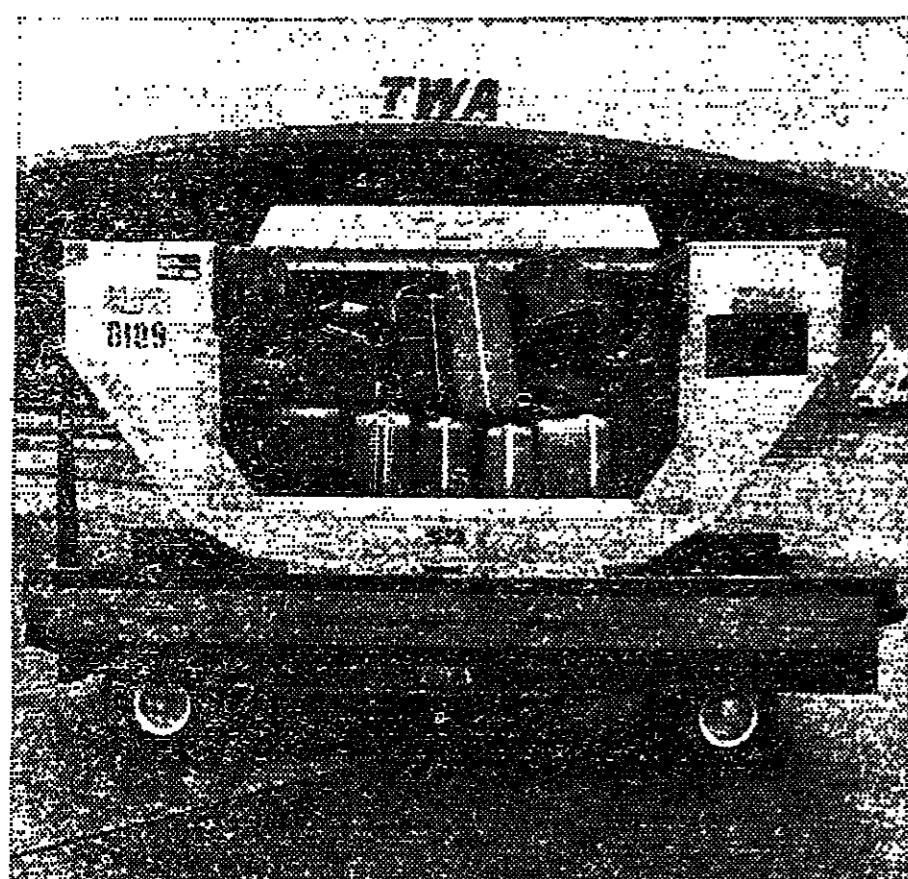


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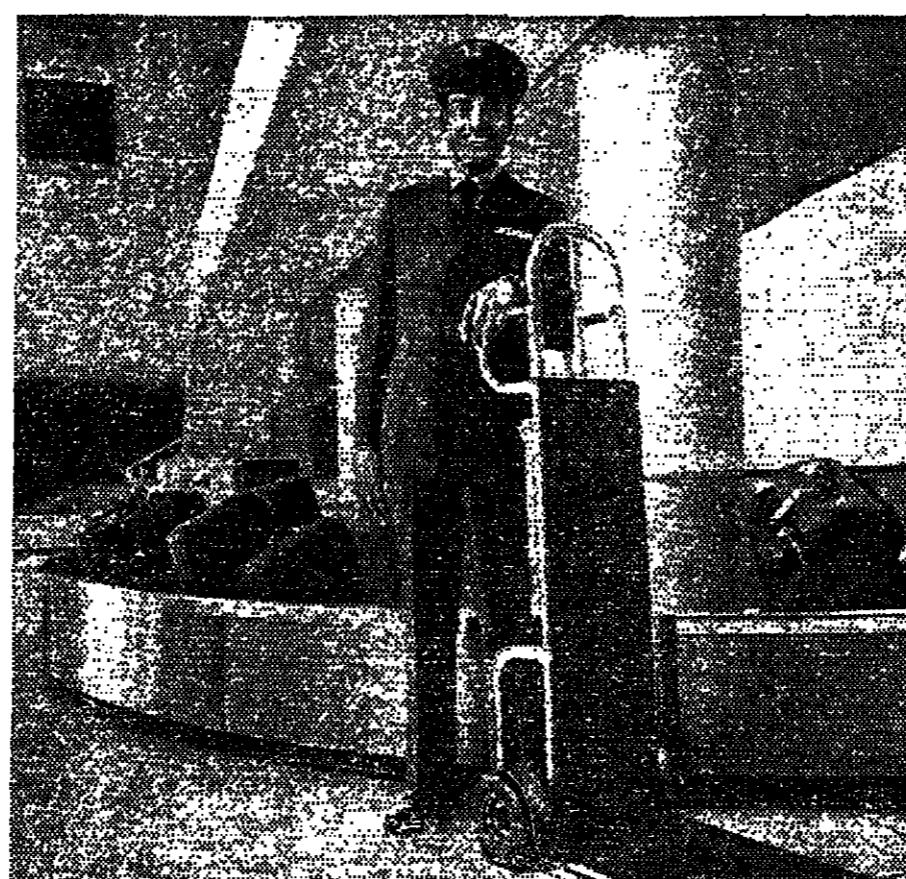


Downstairs Lounge.



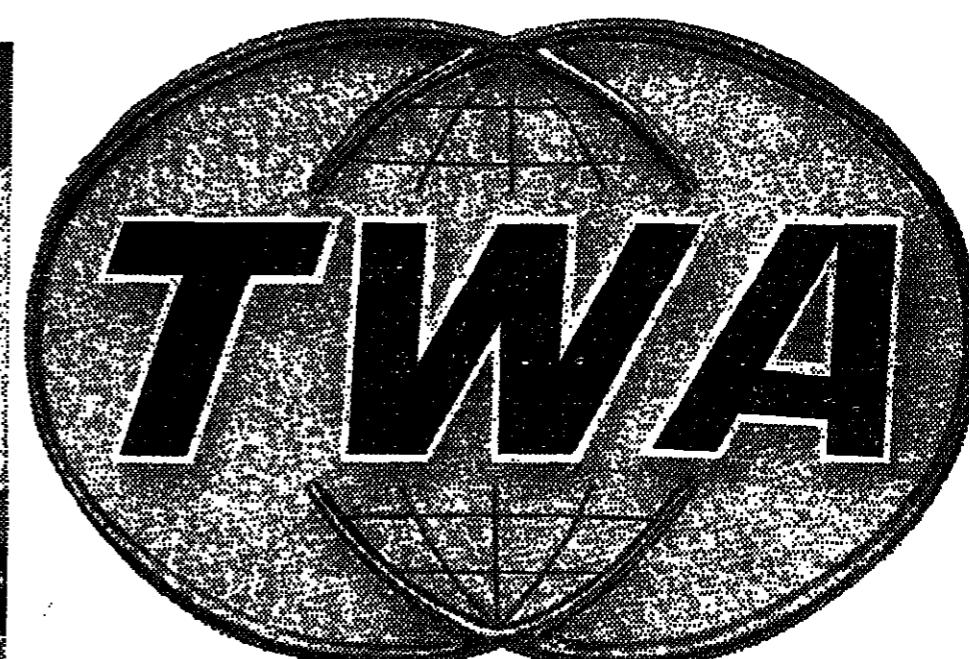
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ent and modern

O'CLOCK on fine days, the pale beaches of Israel with the twitches of healthy young men in their morning swim, later in the day, is higher, the prone sand, is likely to marker for long along the beach for a statutory before returning to Tel Aviv or Haifa, even to be adept at most of what means contrarian thick orange and groves, fishponds, wells and avocados the dry sand which the roadside posting hotels as lookouts north of Tel Aviv, bring the sea at their p as breakfast or creation.

land is already town the traces of a on of civilisations for on; Roman walls here at Caesarea, everywhere, Cru Jewish, European Eastern, rural and but can spot the come flock sheep and the foot of the outside Tel Aviv, in market at Acre where natural colours of getable, dusky sacks red and spice, jars of jet and bright green



pickle are made pallid by grotesque bunches of primary coloured plastic flowers, and by tiny shops full of those bright pink satin quilts that Arabs seem to

In Acre, the Crusader city, you can climb a dizzy open-sided tower and see the sweep of the bay of Haifa in the distance, while below the tower on the sea side, Arab fishermen lower boats into the harbour, and on the town side is the vast colonnaded square where the caravans rested.

The old town of Jaffa, south of Tel Aviv has been transformed by twentieth century sophistication. Its stone and stairs cleaned and its windows and archways filled with plate glass, through which you can see studios stocked with opulent planetary gold jewellery and walls full of modern paintings, a sort of Israeli St Tropez. It was the wrong time of night for a drink when we walked through Jaffa, and we ended up in a bar in Tel Aviv which looked like a cross between a sky lounge like a Greek baronial hall, full of dark wood, stag's heads and tapestry.

But the most noticeable injection of building and tourist development is farther north,

where huge hotels line the sandy cliffs past Herzlia and Netanya. There is even one rest house which snakes along the crest of Mount Carmel overlooking fields and the sea, and presumably, Haifa itself, one of the most spectacular ports on the Mediterranean, with gardens and buildings rattling down the mountainside to the waterfront.

Although guests in these hotels can enjoy that peculiarly contemporary holiday—hotel, beach, pool, hotel and back again—transport is good, and the wilder inland valleys and mountains of northern Israel are within easy reach of the coast.

The Israelis may be great developers and improvers, but they know when to leave well alone. The north of Israel, which is largely a working landscape, agricultural and industrial, has pockets of almost tangible tranquillity such as Caesarea and Galilee, where stone, grasses, unruled planes of water and warm, clear, dry air absorb strain and tension from the most desk-bound bureaucrat. No wonder so many tycoons and politicians choose to live in villas in the mountains around the Roman remains at Caesarea where the broken walls and grass slope down to the sea, or to retire at weekends to the kibbutzim on the shores of Lake Galilee, miraculously unchanged and unchanging, an undisturbed valley where the very bones of the planet show.

Lesley Garner

people live and work, and not just a show for the tourists.

From the airport out to the coast, the arid land pulls you willy-nilly into itself. Brilliant scarlet poppies break from their dusty hiding places among the dusty roadside grass. A ruined Norman fortress calls mysteriously from the top of a hill on the far side of the plain. A farmer dashes into sight, trudging behind his plough horse, moving across the furrowed ground under the branches in his olive grove. Every inch of the land seems vital, and living things cling to it tenaciously. And they invite you to join them—on their terms.

The tortuous panoramic coastal road leads up and around the cliffs, the faulted rock face echoed by chalky walls of dozens of patchwork terraces where crops are urged to grow overlooked by wild cacti perched above. Suddenly there is a gap in the cliff opening up to reveal a lush green plain planted with orange trees leading out to a sandy bay with perhaps a camp site or a hotel complex behind. (If you don't like crowds, avoid the summer, when these are packed with people and even those hardy dowers within up in the dry heat.)

Right around the coast road from Mattinata to Rodi Garganico

the rocky outcrops jut out of the sea, and there are caves and grottoes to explore later in a boat trip around the cape. At Vieste, on the very tip of the peninsula, and at Peschici and Rodi, are old Saracen watchtowers looking out on to the Adriatic. And the towns themselves are simple hot-country places, all shops closed for hours at a stretch, the people paying little attention to those who choose to wander through the sloping streets in the scorching afternoon.

Vieste has, among others, the Veste Palace hotel used by Lump-Poly as a holiday centre and it is as good a place as any to use as a starting point to explore the area. Generally speaking, though, the hotel business is an entirely imported industry, staff included. The local peasant is none too keen to change his way of life to that of a porter or a waiter, preferring to continue as his own boss in his

grocery store, the people paying little attention to those who choose to wander through the sloping streets in the scorching afternoon.

For some reason or other this part of the Yugoslav coast has not proved as popular with British holidaymakers as, say, with French or Germans. This is a pity for, notwithstanding the few shortcomings I have mentioned, it is one of the least spoilt and certainly most scenically attractive areas on Europe's southern littoral.

Judith Gubbay

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Right around the coast road from Mattinata to Rodi Garganico

Dalmatia less Dubrovnik

"WE HAVE had no rain at all for 127 days, isn't that wonderful?" said the tourist official. Indeed it was for those who had been lucky enough to be there then, but at that precise moment nature was making up for lost time with the heavens pouring forth deluge that would not have shamed the monsoon. The place however was not the village of Primosten on Yugoslavia's Dalmatian coast. This picturesque spot lies about 40 miles north of the sea port city of Split.

Three hundred yards away across the sheltered bay and partially hidden among sweet smelling pine woods lies a small hotel complex. The hotels—four in all, three being rated as first class, one as second—are built in a contemporary style but luckily not rearing their concrete heads much above the tree line. All four are within a few yards of the "beach" which like most of those on the Dalmatian coast consists of rocks interspersed with shingle and pebble. Sandy beaches are rare indeed (you have to go down to the far south for those on the mainland) but the swimming is excellent.

This hotel complex is typical

of those which have been and are being developed along this coast. Certainly they start off with a distinct advantage—the coast itself, one of the most beautiful in the whole of southern Europe. Here mountains of pale grey stone sweep up from the coastal plain, right down to the water's edge. Most hotels are outside the villages or in holiday complexes.

Of those that I visited during my short stay the two which made the most favourable impression were the Maestral at the village of Brela, in itself a charming spot for all its rather curious private bungalow development, and the Jadran at Tucepi. The former has an air of elegance and efficiency about it.

Dalmatia proper begins more or less at Zadar and runs south to the Bay of Kotor a few miles beyond incomparable Dubrovnik.

The largest place on the entire coast is Split which for all its smoky industrial suburbs and shipyards has much of interest not least of which is Diocletian's Palace.

About 15 miles north of Split lies Trogir a small township that Berenson once called "a treasury of art." Occupying all of a tiny and completely flat island it is literally only a few yards from the main road to which it is linked by a bridge. By no means a dead "museum" town, it has a small fishing fleet, a cooperative that makes barrels for the nearby vineyards and a winning town band which plays with gusto in the stone flagged square in front of the cathedral.

A five minute bus ride from this renaissance masterpiece stands a contemporary architectural creation—the new Hotel Madena, a vast structure in two dazzling white wings that can accommodate 1,200 guests. Set a few hundred yards back from the foreshore with natural woodland and bushes wisely being left intact (and supplemented by gar-

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For some reason or other this part of the Yugoslav coast has not proved as popular with British holidaymakers as, say, with French or Germans. This is a pity for, notwithstanding the few shortcomings I have mentioned, it is one of the least spoilt and certainly most scenically attractive areas on Europe's southern littoral.

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SPORT

Roger Mortimer won't be the favourite writer of Women's 'Lib' after this

If races under "Rules for Women Riders" are eventually introduced by the Jockey Club, and I reckon there is a fair chance that in some shape or form, that there will be certain people who are doomed to suffer disappointment.

The first are those racecourse executives who believe that women's races will lure hundreds of additional paying customers to the turnstiles. The probability is that once the novelty of the enterprise has worn off, such races will retain about as much drawing power as races for male amateur riders on the flat; and it would surely be impossible to possess less drawing power than that.

Also likely to be disappointed are those optimists of the male sex who choose to visualise all participants in women's races as somewhat nebulous and there is

young and nubile, delicious sex symbols of the Turf.

Of course, there are some women closely connected with horses who would look very agreeable posing in Heath and Strength or Playboy but, on the other hand, just as some dog owners get to resemble their pets, some women who are in and out of stables the whole time tend to become more and more like horses.

Nor, through the dictates of nature, will many women be seen to their best advantage when riding very short with their bottoms in the air like Lester Piggott. I think there is little chance of Newmarket becoming an open-air Bunny Club; though it might be a more cheerful place if it did.

At present the whole idea is somewhat nebulous and there is

no indication whether the riders will be amateurs or professionals, and whether the races envisaged will be confined to the flat or be over hurdles and fences as well.

"Mixed" races, in which women compete against men, I think are

chasing is a rough, tough game and even in this unchivalrous age there is still a tendency to dislike the notion of seeing women rolled flat in the mud.

The fact that a small number of women are apparently keen to ride in steeplechases is in itself not a matter of any particular importance. After all racing is essentially a spectator sport and although these tough Amazons are perfectly willing to run the risk of serious injury, it would not be a spectacle relished by those present, except, perhaps the few who are fans of women's wrestling.

Undeniably women play a big part in racing today. They form a high proportion, at least in the more expensive enclosures, of most racecourse attendances. There are hundreds of women owners and a few trainers. Some

women, I am sure, would be highly competent stewards if given the chance.

I see no particular objection to giving women a chance to ride in races now and then provided administrative difficulties can be overcome. To begin with, any such races should be on the flat and be placed last on the card so that those racegoers not interested can return home for tea and "The Magic Round-about."

If these races prove to be a flop, then racecourses will soon cease to stage them. If, by chance, on the other hand they do turn out to be a howling success then they can be gradually developed to exploit their popularity.

"Mixed" races are in the highest degree improbable, at any

rate as far as competing with professionals is concerned. Regrettably there are always a few owners ready to sink to any dismal depth in the hope of self-advertisement.

It is not infrequently for this reason that extremely slow horses, that will probably end up either in a tin or running over hurdles in Bulgaria, are sometimes started in the Derby and merely succeed in impeding competitors considerably better than themselves.

With the same lamentable objective, some owners would not hesitate for one moment to put up a woman rider of limited experience and dubious competence in the Derby, caring deeply for all the publicity involved and not a jot for the havoc that could be caused in a big field on that steep descent to Tattenham Corner.

know all the players personally. It's a different thing from being on a tour, when you are with them all the time."

He also thinks that one of England's disadvantages is that the game is so diversified here. "It's a long way from Cornwall to London," he says, "and then through to Northumberland; and the players in the different areas very often have different styles of play. My job will be to try to bring them all together and achieve some kind of co-ordination."

"I often think it would be a good thing—at least for the standard of play at national level—if all the best players in the country could be channelled into, say, 20 top clubs." The trouble is that the game, in England, has not evolved in that way, and it is almost impossible to unscramble it now.

"In Newcastle, for instance, we have a number of good clubs, but if the best players in all of them could be combined into a team called 'Newcastle' what a team it would be."

Like Carwyn James, he believes in "knowing the enemy". Next Saturday, in his capacity as a national selector, he intends to watch London Welsh play Bristol at Old Deen Park. "I shall be keeping a close watch on Bristol, of course, but an equally close one on London Welsh," he says. "It was they after all, who set the pattern for the Lions play behind the scrum and I expect several of them will be playing for Wales again this season."

One of the things I like about Elders is that he has no air of false confidence. "It's a challenge," he says. "And we shall give it all we have." If England fail again, it will not be for any want of thought and effort on his part.

Vivian Jenkins



John Elders: knows what he wants.

JOHN ELDERS, the successor to Don White and John Burgess as England's national coach, is certainly a man of ideas. This 40-year-old greying schoolmaster, who teaches mathematics and PE at the Royal Grammar School, Newcastle, was a pretty good player in his day.

He turned out at various times in the centre, for Loughborough Colleges, Leicester, Leicestershire, Northern and Northumbrian, as well as the Barbarians trial without winning a cap.

But it has been as a coach, for Northumbrian, that he has come into the limelight in recent years and now England have entrusted him with the task of shaping their national team. I had an opportunity of meeting Elders in Newcastle during the week, and getting some of his ideas of what he hopes for from the England team.

Something is needed certainly. It is nine years now since they last won the Championship in 1962-63. But Elders, for one, is not unhappy. "We have any amount of good players," he told me. "It is just a question of sorting them out and getting the right mix."

That, of course, is the job of the national selectors, of which he is one. Provided the right players are picked, it will be up to Elders, then, to lick them into shape, and he knows, pretty definitely, exactly what he wants.

"Rugby is a simple game," he says, "not an over-complicated one. I

immensely admired the All Blacks team

that came over here in 1967.

They played a very simple game, with

very few complicated moves, and did

it all so efficiently that it was a joy to

see them in action.

"I don't believe, for instance, in

centres having about 15 different moves

which they try between themselves in

midfield. Two or three moves are enough, provided they are done properly."

He believes naturally, in the basics. "Everything depends on having a solid scrummaging up front," he says. "Efficient scrummaging, of course, is a must. But once the platform is established, I want to see full use being made of it by the backs, with a running full-back joining in. There is no point in creating another platform after the first platform, another platform after that if the whole thing, eventually, dies."

He is not all the same, a dogmatic man. He believes in being receptive to ideas, and, like Carwyn James with the Lions, wants to discuss everything with the players and get their ideas.

Nor does he like laying down too definite a pattern of play. "There must be some scope for individuality," he says. "There are two ways of approaching a match. One school of thought says: 'This is what we are going to do, and these will be the moves.' The other says, 'These are the players we've got. How are we going to make best use of them? I belong to the latter school."

"Everything depends on the players at your disposal. There was nothing I admired more, for instance, than the brilliant way in which the Lions started running from defensive situations in their matches in New Zealand. Their quick moving and passing under pressure was remarkable—sheer sleight of hand.

"I would certainly like to move towards that kind of thing with the England team, but first we have to see what kind of material we have at our disposal. In the first instance we might prefer to go for '55 yards rugby'—establishing a platform inside the opposing half and then bringing the backs into play. Then, if our confidence increased, we could go on to attempt some of the picture-book moves brought off by the Lions."

He feels, as many others do, that England should have some outstanding players this season, who would like to play for the Lions. Players like Duckett, Webb and Janion, are as good as you will find anywhere, he says. At the same time he is also a firm believer in what he calls, "Pressure rugby on opponents' mistakes". In international rugby the side that often wins is the one that exploits its opponents' mistakes.

One of Elders' difficulties, though, is that he will be able to have the England squad available to him only three times during the season. Two of these will be on Sundays after the England trials, on December 18 and January 1. The other will be a weekend session at Bisham Abbey in Buckinghamshire on January 28-30.

"I am a bit out on a limb up here in Northumberland," says Elders, "and it makes it difficult for me to get to

Stewart's hit back

Stewart's FP 6 pts **Heriot's FP** 6 pts

by Reg Prophit

RUGBY ROUND-UP

THE man who may hold the key to the outcome of the Irish inter-provincial championship clash between Connacht and Ulster in Galway next Saturday is the Connacht captain and loose head prop, Ray McLaughlin, who did so much for the Lions forwards in New Zealand earlier this year. What could have been for him an even more outstanding tour was, of course, tragically cut short by broken thumb in the infamous battle of Canterbury and, although it was far from evident at the time, he broke it again during the opening inter-pro of the season—against Leinster, at Lansdowne Road, a fortnight ago.

He hasn't played a match for his club, Blackrock, since then and while he is certain to be named in the side the Connacht selectors will pick after today's UCG, the Galwegians Senior League semi-final, it's anything but certain whether he will be fully recovered in time.

It's an intriguing situation. Against Leinster his inspired attack to outwit and outplay the opposition in the tight and every department and there is no doubt that his presence could help the men from the West to rise to even greater heights against Ulster, champions for the last two years.

Ulster fielded two previously unplaced props in their 13-6 victory over Munster at Ravenhill last week, and while both of them, Paddy Agnew and Roger Clegg, did as well as was asked of them, they would certainly find McLaughlin and his brother, Fidel, a much tougher proposition.

Connacht will certainly be the poorer if McLaughlin is forced to withdraw even though he plans to be at the team's preparatory session in any case while he does turn out his hand will have to be heavily bandaged.

Wanderers continued to keep Collegians on the ropes in their half, but still lacked the penetration to capitalise on the possession their forwards were winning. One incursion by Collegians into opposition territory earned them a 35-yard stonewall, but pro forward Collins shot a goal to score.

Showing little more cohesion but rather more determination Collegians took play into the visitors' 25 in the closing stages and gained consolation points when Colm O'Gorman converted the last kick of the game. O'Gorman made amends for his earlier lapses with a penalty from 20 yards to restore the margin to eight points.

Colm O'Gorman, Wilson, D. O'Brien, G. McGrath, No. 8, Thornton, G. Murphy, R. Conaghan, No. 10, N. Harrison, R. Conaghan, No. 12, B. Bally, J. G. McLaughlin, Front row: D. Lyons, Dublin Wanderers; B. Freer, Dublin Wanderers; A. Bourke, F. Sowman, J. Flynn, A. Bourke, A. White, H. Fox, N. O'Gorman.

Retired: H. J. Luxon (RFU).

of the spirit which made up for lack of experience against Munster.

It's in the loose that Ulster may have the edge with their back-row trio of Jimmy Davidson, Robin Bettis and Stewart McKinney, really hungry for the ball while behind the scrum they appear to have greater skill and flair than their opponents.

But, before they can hope to go forward, Ulster will have to gain parity of possession in the tight and it's in this facet of the game that their greatest test will certainly come. If a side is going backwards from the set pieces it's extremely difficult to get off one's heels and start going forward again with real effect, no matter how good the loose forwards or threequarters are.

Although it's eight years since Connacht last won an inter-provincial match, beating Ulster 12-3 in Galway in 1963, it's only in the last two years that they have really become the very poor relations, scoring only 12 points while conceding 130 in their six matches.

In previous years, especially against Ulster, they were much more in contention, only two points separating the sides in 1967-68, only one point in 1968-69, while in 1969 they shared a 3-3 draw. After 20-0 and 42-0 wins in the past two seasons Ulster can expect the result to be much closer this time.

The schools inter-pro champion-ship gets underway at Thomond Park, Limerick next Thursday when Munster entertain Connacht in mid-week when the Probables beat the Possibles, 28-13 while in the Leinster trial the Probables were only able to score a 16-12 win over the Possibles thanks to a last minute try.

Leinster travel to Galway for their game against Connacht on November 24, the same day as Ulster stage their trial at Ravenhill, for which two teams and 17 additional players make up the panel. Ulster then entertain Connacht at Ravenhill on December 4.

This, however, was but the sign for further Stewart's resurgence, and for almost the remainder of the closing minutes he was reduced by injuries to Lee and Philip, the former limping on the field.

Desperately for a win—they had suffered such a success only twice in the last 10 games between these old rivals—the Daniels threw everything into a last onslaught, only to see reasonable penalty chances go begging.

It was not a game Heriot's will want to remember, but of their forwards' steep learning curve. With Vernon Cartwright and Spaven as prodigies of good fortune, their threequarters over-playing the grub kick to their own extinction. With the exception of the hard-running Watt, the Stewart's backs, with have been better advised to die with the ball and force fruitful rucks rather than kick speculatively into enemy hands.

Heriot's, however, also deserve credit for staunch tackling, and in the closing minutes they were reduced by injuries to Lee and Philip, the former limping on the field.

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It was an opportunity missed: to send the *The Art of Coarse* & *The Art of Coarsely*. MICHAEL GREEN (capture the atmos Changing Room at Court in London.

DAVID STOREY'S 1 contains more full-frosted than Oh Calcutta! and fitter words than have been uttered in any End production. In it is an absolutely representation of changing-room before and after a match.

As might be expected author of *This Sportin' subject* is Rugby I slightly unkink programme between League and gives the impressive players would be very (doubtless crying "chaps, let's go hard b to hurt the other fell fact the changing-room occupants could exist Union grounds, espec North, West and Mid-St.

Storey brilliantly bri the familiar types down, at his peak in afterwards, the moros with a chip on his and the lad being rib his girlfriend.

Surprisingly there is man in David Storey (league sides usually or two). I also mis familiar types such as Chilling pre-match rem. They say that bloke is as prodigies of good fortune, their threequarters over-playing the grub kick to their own extinction. With the exception of the hard-running Watt, the Stewart's backs, with have been better advised to die with the ball and force fruitful rucks rather than kick speculatively into enemy hands.

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Coult in Palm Springs tells how the World Cup beast was tamed

All ball shortens the course

ING in the courses of US PGA National, Palm Beach, Florida, of an alligator that lay near the course, which fed him marsh-

as as a feebble, or the famous East of the finishing round today in the 19th. The course isn't as legend would have it, just watch out for the rough, the cross-cross map

according to Jack Nicklaus, "I lives down the feed small balls to the small ball 40 yards," he said. "Nicklaus, I'd get as, if we ever went to make golf holes long."

course stretches a yards yet, after two is, nine players were hat's a lot, especially pile of dozen of the 92 in teams of two from world-class comp-

others are mostly professionals. come as no surprise, say stage, that only States team of Nick Trevino seems like the South Africans, and Harold Henning.

Argentine, Roberto playing in his 16th Cup, should be the leader. Player and to are battling it out individual crown.

in the Irish, who are

troubled by the happy, alien greens, the home countries have done well, at times magnificently. The unique formula of the event, wherein every shot counts for yourself as well as for your team, appears to breed self-concern, however, and few sparks can kindle between team mates.

There was a thrilling moment early on the second day when suddenly Scotland flashed brilliantly alive as team.

Gallacher played four sound shots for a birdie on the long opening hole; Shade parred it. Shade held a six-foot putt for a birdie on the second; Gallacher parred it. Both then struck near perfect irons for the next tee to within 12 feet of the flagstick. Each missed his birdie. The team missed a chance to go four strokes under par. The flash-fire had expired.

Shade, through two days, carried Scotland. There were two reasons. Although Shade is a short hitter, the fairways are narrow and he can hit a ball dead a dozen yards. More important, he has now recovered from a wrecked marriage which plagued him all summer. "How can you play golf with that on your mind?" he asks. Shade was joint sixth with Jacklin in the individual scores after two rounds.

Jackson continues to confound. He had a laskluster first round, three-putting all over the shop, which infected his spirit. On the second day, he holed a natty five-footer and suddenly was the old inspired Jackson again, the Open Jacklin, snaring six birdies in a 67. When will he again put four, even three, rounds together?

When Oosterhuis plays badly, as he did round the greens for 78 on Friday, it comes these days as a surprise. Oosterhuis certainly is Britain's most dedicated, and arguably her best, golfer today. He yearns for a crack at the American tour.

So does Craig Defoy, who came

to Florida for Wales because he finished fourth in the Open.

If it wasn't for the Vietnam war, De Foy might not have been in Florida at all. In fact he might still be another American citizen living in Surrey. Craig's father, an American who has settled in Britain, met and married a Welsh woman during the Second World War. Craig was born in Pennsylvania in 1947. He lived there only six months before the family moved to Bury Port, Carmarthenshire. "I guess I hated Rugby," says Defoy, who is as tall and slender as a flag-stick. "So I built my own golf course on the sand dunes."

He was 12. The course was made up of five tees and five holes dug in the sand. Exploding one's way round a slumped-up course is one kind of fun, but doing it with a couple of your uncle's cast-off left-handed clubs, when you're naturally right-handed, is something else.

The American circuits, any of them, aren't likely to tempt many of this year's World Cuppers, such as the Rumanians. One of them, Dumitru Munteanu, scored rounds of 102 and 97 while his captain, the courtly veteran Paul Tomita, had 90 and 84. "We came," Tomita shrugged, "to play golf."

At 18, while preparing for a tour of Asia, Defoy suddenly realised he was amateur and subject to call-up and a different sort of Asian tour. "I hadn't been there in 24 years," he recalled the other day, with a glance at his native land. I took the British nationality, but I want to get on the American tour. I like the big occasion."

The Rat Race is, of course, the Tour. On a level below it comes the Satellite Tour, and lower still, things like the Florida Winter Tour for the Fledgling professionals. This is sort of a Mouse Race which is run up and down the Sunshine State in the form of 31-hole tournaments offering prizes of \$60,000-10,000 dollars. Peter Beames is on it. Beames, you may recall, is the little British

vagabond golfer who last winter ran out of money in both Australia and South Africa.

The last time I saw Beames he was about to take a job ferrying horses across the Atlantic, and last week he surfaced in a maroon boiler-suit carrying Peter Oosterhuis' clubs in the World Cup. He had just finished 40th in the Cypress Gardens Open, which was won by the Canadian World Cupper, Mac Norman, with a pair of 68s.

It had turned out to be no fledgling tour at all, but one that lures the likes of Steve Melnyk, the British amateur champion who is having a rough life among the professionals. Melnyk, who dominated Carnoustie, has come 49th in both his major tour tournaments. His fellow Walker Cupper, Lanny Wadkins, twice missed the cut before finishing joint ninth in the recent Sahara Invitational.

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Nicklaus: battle with Player

Henry Longhurst speculates on a new thought in golf

Easy-way to save time

A friend of mine volunteers to put up a prize of £10 to the first club that lays on a medal tournament with a nine-inch hole, provided there are at least 25 entries, and what a splendid thing this would be! There is no earthly reason when you come to think of it, why the golf hole should have to be exactly 4 inches in diameter.

In the old days, when Horace Hutchinson, became the first official Amateur Champion, he tells how, if the rim of the hole became damaged and worn, it was customary at Westward Ho! to cut another with a penknife and stick a gull's feather in it to mark it for the people behind. It is right to assume, therefore, that there might be a difference of at least an inch between one hole and another.

My friend's suggestion is not

of course, new and I myself remember Gene Sarazen flying a kite about an eight-inch hole, even before the war. His main concern was that putting played proportionately too great a part in determining results at golf, and it could hardly be contested that this is a valid argument today, at any rate among the experts.

The best players are so good that the weekly winner tends to be the one for whom the putts happened to drop that week. I suppose it could be said that the same would apply to an eight-inch or nine-inch hole, and yet, somehow, I doubt it.

My correspondent wants to

know how many shots per round would be saved with a nine-inch hole and which class of player—scratch, medium or long handicap—would save the most shots. He estimates the saving at between five and eight shots per round.

What interests me more than the possible saving in shots is the saving in time. There is little doubt that it is on the greens

that most of the time is wasted, with run-of-the-mill players, peering first from one side of the hole then the other, picking up nonexistent bits of grit, and taking their glove off and putting it in the hip pocket, all because this is what the great men are seen to do on television.

So long as the greens were not enlarged, a nine-inch hole would surely save an immense amount of time, since anything up to three feet would tend to be conceded, and perhaps in practice up to four.

An interesting speculation also would be at what distance the man who gets the twitch from four feet and under would get it with a nine-inch hole. Six or seven feet I should guess, though mercifully I do not propose to put it to the test.

Still, from the time point of view alone the experiment would be a useful one and I hope someone will give it a trial. If it saved enough time to restore two rounds a day as the normal quota on a busy course, what a blessing it would be!

In the meantime on a more elevated level I note with satisfaction, since I long ago said that he was the one I would buy shares in if I had the chance, the continued success "down under" of Peter Oosterhuis and I hope to see more of him when he returns to New Zealand after a short stint in partnership with Jacklin to represent Britain on the other side of the world at Palm Beach.

It must be now the best part of 20 years since, in a globe embarking voyage, I first went to New Zealand and received, though although I was in fact farthest west, at a range of about 14,000 miles, it was here that I felt nearest to home. Even now I remember many of the names on the signposts during a trip down the coast road from Christchurch to Cricklewood Ealing, Islington,

Mitcham, Winchester, Hatfield, Chertsey, Balmoral and St Andrews.

The early trip down the coast road was in order to see Mount Cook, but also after we turned the corner after about 200 miles, and there it ought to have been, all we could see was the mist lying on the lake with a visibility of a few hundred yards. Since the New Zealand Open is down in the south of the South Island, at Dunedin, which everybody tells me is more Scotch than Scotland, I hope for better luck this coming year.

During my second visit to New Zealand, the Governor-General was Lord Cobham, who, as Charles Lyttelton, had been received for the Cambridge golf team the year after I went down. An inspired appointment if ever there was one, since it was his ancestor after whom Port Lyttelton, founded by the secretary of the "hungry forties," was named.

What fun it would have been to stage a man-to-man long driving contest between him and Jack Nicklaus!

The university match in question was played at Lytham, where the last hole measures something around 360 yards. I think there must have been a good March wind behind him, but Lyttelton, while practising, drove a number of balls from the 18th tee, quite a few of which actually finished on the green—whereupon he was ticked off by the secretary, the late Pym Williamson (who among other things had a parrot in his office) on the ground that practising on the 18th green was strictly prohibited.

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BALL

by Terry Sutherland

ish volleyball team, he up and up in more for, have really got their in for their opening fixture of the winter trip this afternoon.

against Luxembourg drawing another full means another fine funds of the Scottish Association.

ection of funds which d Scots ire—although their Benelux oppon-

ce of the irritation is the "Arena" column month's World Sports to this the English Association appear to right old man about who, it is alleged, much better financial by the Government.

Vash of the SVA, says "it painted a com- picture." Judging by

the ten-point memorandum, which Mr Walsh has drawn up in reply, that is putting it mildly.

Terry Jones, the EVA secretary, is quoted as saying "The Scots received a little over £1,000 this year to send their team to the tournament in Luxembourg.

McLaughlan's statement, says he was given a 1000

for the home side, which he

does not want the issue to "blow up into a major row." But he does not understand why the English association has made such statements. They have nothing to gain from it," he says.

HOCKEY

Uddington 3

Western 2

by Joe Dillon

WESTERN

time just before the interval it

appeared as though they might lose their grip of the situation altogether.

The game got off to an exciting start when, in the fifth minute, Lawrie, after a fine intervention by McLean's shot at goal. At the other end Scott shot narrowly past the goalkeeper well out of position.

Play continued to flow until the fifth minute when Watt took off the right wing and crossed the right-midfield into the right-midfield.

This goal settled the much younger Uddington team and they became more adventurous in their play and began swinging the ball around in the attacking areas, causing the Western defence to shreds. When it appeared as though they were going to score an avalanche of goals their goalkeeper McLaughlan committed two unforgivable errors.

The first came after 20 minutes when Ellis, who was allowed too much freedom on the left wing, broke through from the half way

line and headed straight for goal.

On reaching the circle he shot first time for goal, the ball struck the goalkeeper's pads and Ellis put it rebound back into the corner of the goal.

The second five minutes later came when McLean mistimed his shot in the net.

At this stage the Western defence was in complete turmoil. Uddington scored.

McLean's shot was blocked, the ball went straight to Kemp who stepped inside the circle and crashed the ball into the unguarded net.

Western remained on the offensive for the remaining 15 minutes and two scintillating runs by Scott and Watt, respectively, almost provided a goal for the winter.

After ten minutes Uddington rearranged their attack with Watt moving to the right wing and Craig inside. Schoobury Hill became more actively employed in the contest by reverting to midfield. The home side immediately clicked into gear and putted the Western defence in the search for an equaliser.

In the 15th minute Finlayson

had what looked like a good goal disallowed, but five minutes later another equaliser followed.

McLean's shot was blocked, it spun loose to Watt who crossed into the goalmouth where Finlayson was waiting to pick it up.

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TENNIS

by John Ballantine

BOB HEWITT (South Africa) defeated Gerald Battwick, Britain's Number Three player, for the third time in this season's Dewar Cup Finals when he won 3-6, 6-4, 6-4 in London's Tennis Club.

The heavy-weight South African had beaten previously the lightweight Welshman at Edinburgh and Port Talbot and, once again, he had too much weight of shot in the crisis for Battwick. But it was a matter of fate that Battwick played from the baseline in the first set, breaking service in the fourth and eighth games.

In the second set Hewitt had

had slight advantages through his willingness to go to the net and his lightning hand speed.

Battwick served two double faults to lose service in the sixth game and, with Hewitt serving at 5-1, there was an unusual incident causing the match to be decided. After a minute Battwick played from the baseline in the first point Hewitt hit a forehand that was going several feet over the baseline had not Battwick standing on the line and with

one of those involuntary movements every Cup player knows about, prodded it back with a nervous forehand volley.

The baseline referee, Bill Telfer, with another automatic reflex called out "Send it back." Hewitt obeyed and indeed Hewitt appeared to try to return the volley. The South African protested that, at the very least, he should "have two more." After some argument Battwick gave gratuitous advice to Hewitt on the art of hitting a forehand.

In fact, Battwick was awarded the point, presumably on the umpire's assumption that Hewitt could not have returned the volly anyway. In due course the set was over and the South African won the match.

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We're making progress in LEUKAEMIA RESEARCH. This means our spending will be increased to £100,000 per year by 1972. We're saving now by giving up our annual golf competition.

WE DON'T LOSE TOUCH WITH OUR FAMILY. Write to: Mrs. A. H. Williams, 107 Campion Road, London, N.W.10. We're saving now by giving up our annual golf competition.

SIR HUGH CASSON's subject for the 1972 Royal Institute of British Architects' Annual Lecture is "The Art of the City". The lecture will be given on 15th November at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Sir Hugh is a distinguished architect and author of "The Art of the City".

MEET PEOPLE, make friends at parties for dances, theatre, cinema, art shows, etc. Send for our annual brochure.

Inside track

White Man's Bluff

SOFTLY, softly, a small British team is preparing to fly out to Cape Town to compete in what is being called South Africa's first multi-racial athletics meeting.

Arthur Gold, secretary of the British Amateur Athletics Board, distributed invitations among our athletes to "this momentous occasion in South African sport" only after demanding and receiving written assurances that 1. the meeting is a "multiracial international" competition (on 26th and 27th November), 2. local coloured athletes be invited as well as overseas competitors, and 3. no special treatment will be accorded to coloured competitors.

The historic meeting has received banner headlines in South Africa; but until yesterday barely a whisper in the British Press. The BAAB (expecting to send seven athletes) had not released details or lists of competitors. But British Olympians Andy Carter, Alan Llewellyn, Howard Payne (whose parents live in South Africa), Payne's wife Rosemary and Rosemary Stirling had accepted. They carefully stress hopes of assisting racial harmony, and possibly South Africa's return towards world and Olympic acceptance.

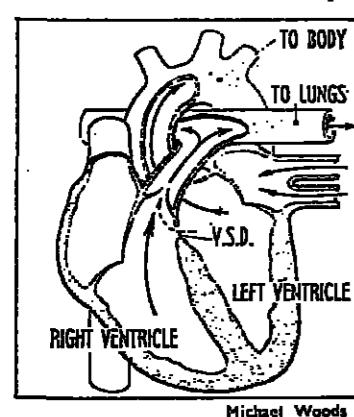
But who are the coloured competitors? South Africa has not yet named them, and it drew a fistful of blanks among leading British coloured athletes. Anita Neel (due to injury) and Verona Bernard (on advice from her coach) turned down invitations; teenagers Sharon Collyear, Sonia Lannaman and Andrea Lynch were not even aware of the meeting.

Many would not upset their pre-Olympic training schedules to go, but one white South African asks: "Can you blame the coloured athletes for seeing this as a white man's trick?" When the meeting is over, the South African black man will still be barred from club and provincial competition."

HOW respectable can a ticket snob get? Under the nose of Prince Philip at the World Sporting Club last Monday night, two tickets for tomorrow night's Royal Command Performance were donated by Sir S. Flashman, to the charity draw in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Naturally the Palladium long ago sold out (tickets £3 to £50) and naturally Sir Flashman isn't telling who bought him the tickets. He'd far rather talk about his table guests last Monday: Tom Jones and John Banks...

An Explanation

UNLESS Ass Hartford himself has revealed in his story in today's News of the World that he has a hole in the heart, medical etiquette will prevent public confirmation of that fact. But specialist opinion is that the West Bromwich player's condition is that known as ventricular septal



defect (VSD). This, as our diagram illustrates, is caused by a "hole" in the tissue wall which separates the two larger chambers of the heart.

The condition becomes dangerous and disruptive to normal life only if the hole is sufficiently large to allow a considerable amount of blood to pass from the left to right ventricle (broken line), resulting in an increased flow through the lungs. It reveals itself in infancy through obvious breathlessness and a failure to grow as rapidly as normal.

In Hartford's case, the hole is almost certainly less than one centimetre in diameter, and therefore extremely unlikely to necessitate the hole in the heart operation to "sew in" a synthetic patch, probably of Teflon.

Moreover a mild VSD need not prevent him from continuing without handicap. Indeed, Everton manager Harry Catterick claimed last night that two other footballers were ruled out of transfer deals to and from Everton when heart conditions were detected within the past seven years. Both are now playing in the League with other clubs.

In such small cases, only the most sophisticated scrutiny may detect and diagnose the telltale heart murmur. And, in about a quarter of the 1,500 conditions reported at birth in Britain every year, the small hole rectifies itself by closing without medical treatment.

Over The Top

THE two new Olympic weight-lifting classifications present headaches to the British Amateur Weightlifting Association. Fly-weight (8st 2lb) throws up a nice, uncomplicated problem: we haven't got one. "We are considering a national appeal on TV," says secretary Wally Holland. "There is a serious shortage of good strong little men." The next development division (something over 17st) offers the real tease. "Now there we do have a medal hope," confides Holland. "The problem is to get him out." Our super-heavy is Terry Perdue from Swansea. The snag is he has served only a quarter of his four-year term in Her Majesty's prison in Dorset for his part in a £10,000 scrap metal theft. "But they let these people out on parole for good behaviour," Holland insists, "so we haven't given up hope of Terry going to Munich."

THE most relevant and disturbing questions about yet another unimaginative performance by England are these: How far does it reflect a real lack of talent in our football, and how far does it stem from the mistaken policies of Sir Alf Ramsey?

On the face of it, Sir Alf has some convincing excuses. Gordon Banks, Alan Mullery, Colin Bell and Ray McFarland were all injured, and unavailable to him. The absurd clash with Football League Cup replays meant that Martin Chivers, the hammer of the Swiss, and Martin Peters both had to play a bruising match, with extra time at Preston.

Yet having said this, it still seems that Sir Alf's choice was inept, his use of substitutes characteristically illogical. His tactics ill-considered. Above all, both in choice and play, the England team once more mirrored a conception of the game which looks increasingly sterile and obsolete.

Let us take first the matter of substitutions, itself closely bound up with that of selection. In Basle, where

SPORT: Criticism, inquest and opinion plus Parkinson

Sir Alf and England—sterile and obsolete

we were so lucky to win, Chivers above all struck fear into the Swiss. Now, it was perhaps legitimate for Sir Alf to decide that, having played so hard a game for Spurs two mere days earlier, he would be in no condition to give his best for England. In that case, though I think he would have been mistaken, he should simply have omitted him from the match altogether.

But evidently Sir Alf did not believe that, since when things were manifestly going wrong, he knew Chivers' intentions better than the Swiss. In that case, though I think he would have been mistaken, he should simply have omitted him from the match altogether.

Secondly, the matter of selection.

There was also the case of Rodney Marsh, sent on minutes from the end in place not of an obviously jaded and ineffectual Hurst—who in any case turned out to be suffering again from a pulled hamstring—but for an increasingly dangerous Lee, the one player who at that time was really troubling the Swiss, with his drive and acceleration.

After the game, Sir Alf ingeniously deplored the fact that so many English passes had gone wrong. The answer is quite simple: he should pick players capable of passing the ball. Mike Bailey is admirably busy. Wolves' right-half, was in his party. So was Colin Todd who, though he plays defensively for Derby, has far more skill than either Storey or Hughes. Ball, short of match practice, made errors, but did many good, quick, intelligent things as well. The burden was simply too great for him.

Nor was the defence impressive. It

is not Sir Alf's fault that centre-halfs are so pitiful on the ground. Lloyd has neither the skill nor the mobility of an international stopper, and it may well be that the 20-year-old West Ham player, Tommy Taylor, is potentially the best we have, when he can cure an expensive tendency to unforced error.

Peter Shilton, in goal, must surely lose his position as Crown Prince to Ray Clemence. He seems, at the moment, to lack the so-called big match temperament, and it was significant that his own defenders were so reluctant to pass him the ball. He was not impressive when the crosses came over, and he might have done better with Odermat's goal, though Hughes failed to give way to a fresher man. By contrast Moore, his clubmate, seems

to have stood still could sufficient.

Summerbee, fortunate to get chance, still seems to lack tru national class, while it is sure for Hurst, whose club form ha been as indifferent as his to capable of going majestically the next decade.

No doubt England will qu Athens on December 1, and can scramble through the quart home advantage should win t Nations Cup. This should allowed to obscure the fact th manager's policies and predi have lost the confidence of the world at large. Can the leopard his spots? The choice of fantasiest as Rodney Marsh suggest. But, like Wednesday's inclusion of Marsh, the process slow and grudging.

Brian Gl



When other friendships are forgot, ours will still be hot

This week at the Albert Hall, eight of the world's top women tennis stars will fight out the finals of the Dewar Cup. Here one of the players, Julie Heldman (above left), who is also a well-known writer on the game, presents a light-hearted portrait of Virginia Wade (right). Writing apart, Julie is one of the game's great tacticians and a campaigner for women in tennis.

If you should ever find yourself one set up on Virginia Wade be prepared for anything: the roof could cave in, the umpire come down with Bubonic plague, or the beer could run out in the cocktail bar. In case you miss the incident, Virginia is sure to bring it to your attention and also to that of the umpire, the crowd and passing motorists.

She is one of those nearly-great players who seldom actually lose a match. Defeat for Virginia could be the result of an unfair conspiracy by the world against her. Dependent upon her fine serve and power game, screwed up with thoughts of her superiority she can crumble before the humblest of opponents into uncontrolled tantrums. It's all very un-British.

Now there's nothing wrong with being a loser. I ought to know for Virginia usually beats me. In fact it is an essential qualification for popularity in British tennis. Remember the admiration of Christine Truman, when, as a large schoolgirl, she would hit streams of winners off the wood on the Centre Court. She was far more popular than the cool professional Ann Jones who counterpunched her way to the most consistent record in women's tennis.

Beside the strawberries and cream image of the British tennis player, Virginia appears almost Latin in her temperament. She has all the equipment of a great player, yet she falls short of the mark. Most of her tournament wins have been of smaller titles. In the last two Wightman Cups she has let Britain down dismally; in the Open victory in 1968, to Open victory in 1969, to Open victory in 1970, to Open victory in 1971.

To beat Virginia, assuming of course that she isn't having one of her "turns," you have to get to the net early, imposing your will on her and forcing errors on her forehand. At Wimbledon, when she has a poor record for top seeded player she has done so well. In the first round, against Pat Cash, she can be outsmarted by Francoise.

Every ageing arthritic tennis player is jealous of Virginia's natural talent. Virginia is at her best against ground stroke players like Francoise Durr, Gail Chanfreau and Peaches Bartkovicz. Although, as happened on Friday, she can be outsmarted by Francoise.

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Most good judges agree that she has the physical equipment of a champion. She is tall, thin, strong and quick. Her first serve is consistently the fastest in tennis, even counting Rosie Casals and Margaret Court.

Attack that serve and you have Virginia's measure. She depends upon it for her confidence and she cannot bear to be broken.

Her second serve, hit with too much top spin tends to sit up on a slow court.

Virginia's ground strokes are made for a fast, low bouncing surface. Her forehand is a swipe

John Ballantine—page 29

that is good, strong, little more than a tap.

In such small cases, only the most sophisticated scrutiny may detect and diagnose the telltale heart murmur. And, in about a quarter of the 1,500 conditions reported at birth in Britain every year, the small hole rectifies itself by closing without medical treatment.

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MICHAEL PARKINSON—how to stop the goal famine

King Hardaker tells me that all linesmen are now being given crash courses in lip reading.

Something altogether more sophisticated is needed if a solution, short of bloody warfare, is to be found. The easiest might be the invention of a secret code language whereby the prying official hears everything but understands nothing. Such a system has been used for years to call the phys in American football without opponents having a clue what is going on. Thus, dressing room conversation of the future might go something like this:

Manager: Two, seven, 14, 12?

Captain: Five O!

Manager: Eighteen, one, three, 10.

Team breaks into hysterical laughter.

Trainer (tears of mirth running down his leathery cheeks): Eight, 10, 35...

His last words are drowned in more choruses as the players double up with raucous laughter.

Linesman (baffled): Excuse me?

Manager: Three?

Linesman: I wonder what you find so funny?

Manager (breaking up): Twenty-seven, 100 and...

He hasn't finished before the linesman rushes for the door and leaves the ground with a white-coated attendant gently holding his arm.

That is one way to beat the system.

The other, more expensive but equally effective, is for the Clubs to use doubles. The firm of Rent-a-Double (Motto: Peas in a Pod) will be able

to publish exact replicas of soccer teams and managers who will go through the ritual of inspection by the linesman. Meanwhile, the real team

sits in a secret changing room watching proceedings through a two-way mirror while filing their studs to sharp points and coating them in a dredged poison used by pygmies to tip the points of their arrows.

Seriously though, it is a pity that football suffers increasingly from the absurdities of an executive seemingly bent on driving a wedge between the people who play football and the people who run it. It might be that I do them an injustice, that they really do have the game at heart and do everything for the best. If that is so, all

they can say is that they have a way of showing it.

There are surely more im problems to be tackled than t of players' studs, and better to be achieved than turning into underpaid snoopers.

For instance, in Inside Track it was shown that in si all the ballyhoo about the game brighter this season fewer goal been scored thus far than last.

Goals are the bait for soccer

the more the better and the gates.

How to get more scored is the important p

one that the executives of f should consider.

I don't want to sound too

but I believe I have at least a tem

solution. Between each goal on large ground, in the country sh

life-size figure of Hardaker, so constituted that an

entering the net would knock h

from his pipe. Such a scheme, I b

Forwards would lead to a spate of goals

full-backs would be up there

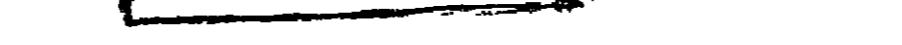
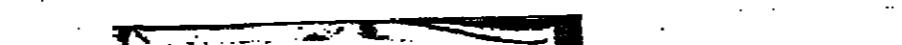
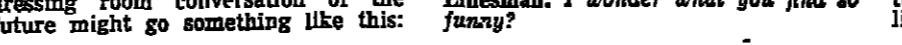
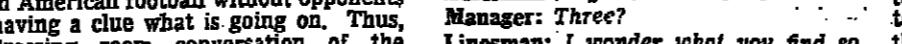
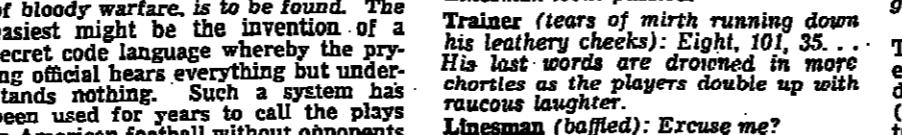
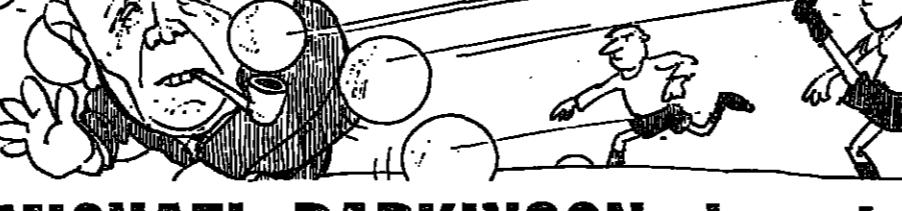
their luck.

It might seem drastic, but I'

that when the enemy send spie

headquarters, they are asking for

thing they get.



Atticus

And now for something completely different...

The Instant Pundits

WHAT is it that makes an Instant Pundit? There must be thousands of experts whose knowledge equals that of Willingness. A BBC producer, "Willingness to talk about the things we want him to talk about; willingness to jump into a taxi at eight o'clock at night without wondering what it is all about; willingness to give up a social life, and not say, 'ah, it's awfully uncomfortable here in Esher'." And a radio producer: "Price as well as availability. Some people shout the odds and ask the earth. If you can get someone for £10, you get him. It's as crude as that."

The search for new pundits goes on every day: 24 hours was thrilled to find a Russian Pundit in Edinburgh on the day of the Russian Embassy expulsions. But for each one who makes it, hundreds fail. Producer: "You make a telephone contract with a man in Southampton University, and when he arrives at the studio you and he's got a stutter. Why isn't there a British Gore Vidal?"

The media is snobbish about Instant Pundits. The Times and Guardian produce several puffs of them, and so do the New Statesman and Spectator. But when economist Matthew Coates left the New Statesman and returned to his old paper, the Mirror, he lost instant Pundit status.

And now for the chart-toppers themselves....

1 INSTANT PUNDIT

NORMAN ST JOHN-STEVAS
Tory MP, barrister, bachelor, 42.

First name in every producer's pundit file. Has risen to the top in the last year after tirelessly consistent form throughout the sixties. Only thing which can threaten this chart-topper is over-exposure. Inexhaustible range of subjects: Stevas: "If abortion goes down, euthanasia comes popping up again." Subjects: politics (pro-market); morality (anti-censorship); Catholicism (anti-pill, anti-abortion, anti-euthanasia); law reform, and an authority on another pundit Walter Bagehot, the 19th Century economist. Hobby in Who's Who: "appearing on television."

Producer's Report: "He's an oldie and goldie, and he knows the name of the game. If I rang Norman now (it was 6.45 pm) he'd be round here by 7.15. He's always on time, never dries up."

Stevas on Stevas: "I try to avoid publicity. I sit at home minding my own business and they ring me up, I sometimes say No. They asked me to criticise Amnesty this week but I refused to go on. I never lose my temper."

I believe in the soft sell; rather than the hard sell, I'm amusing.

It helps. I know that silence isn't golden and I can go burbling on."



Chart-toppers: Jay, Taylor, Proops, Moore, St John Stevas, Smythe, Stokes, Howard, Shimwell, Whitehorn

2 INSTANT POLITICS

ANTHONY HOWARD
Assistant editor, New Statesman, 37.

Notches into second place through sheer volume of appearances. Presenter turned pundit.

Producer's report: "Tony isn't what you'd call photogenic, but it doesn't matter. He's articulate, fluent, and he'll have a go."

Howard on Howard: "To be a pundit you have to be in the consensus of opinion. When I worked for Reynolds News I was not acceptable. When I moved to the Guardian I was. You don't get people from the Morning Star on TV, but they never object to Right Wing pundits. Pundits aren't representative. There's a submerged four-fifths of the Labour Party who never appear on TV, some of them real killers, real bores. The ones you do see are half-politician, half-enter-

tainer."

3 INSTANT WOMAN Mk I

KATHARINE WHITEHORN
Columnist and committee-woman.

Moved up the charts quickly this year with frequent appear-

ances and sodomy. Crill can only request co-operation but there are threats that newspapers will be banned from the island if they step out of line again.

FINKS CIRCULAR
GNAOIS PALACE,
Greek Street,
November 10.

HONOURED guests invited to the Private Eye luncheon in the Coach and Horses were asked to introduce themselves as Paul McCartney, Pablo Picasso, Lord Longford, Howard Hughes and Danny La Rue to confuse prying ears. This follows a scurvy story in last week's Private Eye which blew the gaff on our banquet and the fact there were eight last-minute cancellations.

Among those who stuck by Lord Gnome however were Ned Sherrin, Ron Hall, Maureen Cleveley, Sally Beauman, William Hickey, Donald Carroll, Paul Foot, Auberon Waugh and a Lady-in-Waiting Griselda May.

God bless them all.

The local media was last week muffled under a special law from naming names or using photographs but the ban does not apply to Fleet Street and in earlier stages of the case certain national newspapers cocked a snook at the court's repeated pleas for discretion and could not resist relating at length the juicy stuff about 15 alleged incidents of assault,

anges on radio, TV discussions, and quiz games. Subjects: being a woman, being married (to thriller writer Gavin Lyall) having children (two small boys).

Producer's Report: "First-class, she'll say what you want her to say. No hobby-horses. No hang-ups."

Whitehorn on Whitehorn: "I don't take what I do very seriously. It's a lot of fun and a lot of money. Call My Bluff and these games pay very well: If I have one gripe, it's the Talks producers who won't talk money on the phone and then give you two-pound-ten and a luncheon voucher. Some people are chary about saying No to producers, but I will never appear on *Man Alive*. Never. Ever. There are so many people that everything is reduced to triviality."

4 INSTANT HISTORY

A. J. P. TAYLOR
Oxford historian, 65.

Former King Pundit, but starting to slide down the charts.

They say he could be pricing himself out of the market: "He's good value for ten minutes, but for four minutes he comes expensive" (TV producer).

Good at World Wars, Revolution, and British elections.

5 INSTANT ECONOMICS

PETER JAY
Times economics editor, 34.

Fast-talking son of Douglas Jay, married to Jim Callaghan's daughter, Margaret, three children.

Producer's Report: "The perfect instant pundit, with given opinions on everything. Not good for quiz games, though. He was on Quiz of the Week and never said a word the whole show."

Jay on Jay: "Plenty of dons know more about economics, but they tend to qualify everything. You're sometimes expected to follow a line, and I once provoked a group of farmers, and made

them extremely Choleric and Angry. I believe that the next day some farmers in Canterbury burnt copies of the Times."

6 INSTANT SPACE

PATRICK MOORE
Ex-prep school teacher, 48.

One of the media's Truly Great Amateurs, Moon-mapper and star gazer, who rocketed to fame with the Apollo moon shots.

Producer's Report: "He's manic but he really does his stuff. Once we called him at East Grinstead and he left home without an idea in his head. By the time he'd reached the studio he'd found a new star."

Moore on Moore: "I am an amateur. Fast-talking son of Douglas Jay, married to Jim Callaghan's daughter, Margaret, three children.

Producer's Report: "The perfect instant pundit, with given opinions on everything. Not good for quiz games, though. He was on Quiz of the Week and never said a word the whole show."

Jay on Jay: "Plenty of dons know more about economics, but they tend to qualify everything. You're sometimes expected to follow a line, and I once provoked a group of farmers, and made

them extremely Choleric and Angry. I believe that the next day some farmers in Canterbury burnt copies of the Times."

7 INSTANT WOMAN Mk II

MARJORIE PROOPS
Mirror columnist.

Producer's Report: "Good-natured and lovely."

Proops on Proops: "Jack de Manio used to ring me at seven o'clock in the morning, and I'd sit on the bed, with my hair in curlers, half asleep, answering his questions. Ring Old Marje, they'd say, she's approachable."

8 INSTANT RIGHTS

TONY SMYTHE
Secretary, National Council of Civil Liberties, 33.

Producer's Report: "It's not getting him on TV which is the problem, it's keeping him off."

Smythe on Smythe: "I'm hardly ever on a major programme. You get about two minutes usually and if you're lucky you can get one idea over."

9 INSTANT LEYLAND

LORD STOKES
Motor boss, 57.

A great patriotic voice wheeled out during dire moments in the nation's industrial affairs.

Producer's Report: "He's training and sometimes temper. That's good. Stokes on Stokes: 'This much denigration of the country's efforts on these days' lie says that in his factories are in him, though. 'They can say, 'You really gave it one last night, didn't Stokes.'

10 INSTANT LABOR

LORD SHINWELL
Mannick, life peer, 87.

Ex-prize fighter of 17, ringer, sometime chess champion Labour MP (1922) and Minister, 19 years mischievously used media to propagate an anti-line (said to have been in three months' time).

Producer's Report: "He's a gentle old man, but I'm running and shrewd. He's easy to hold off."

Shinwell on Shinwell: "It wasn't so easy to get h

Best outsider: Gus, youth worker in M. Jamaican-born. Producer: "He's perfect on race reasonable, cogent, N looking, for the Insta woman." Gus John's

I'm sick of being us instant black. Why c get some black people

And coming up for rails, our own Alan B. one producer. He appears Nationwide, talking a Miss World contest. If that isn't the sign Pundit making a come-up saying, 'Our Ata Quiz Shows and Pundi

Michael Ba

A dying profession?

FOR seven hundred and seventy seven years the English legal system has nursed within its severe bosom an amateur despot celebrated in song and scathing story as much for his unique inquisitorial powers as for the pithy faculties with which he enlivens local newspapers: the coroner. Or more accurately the "Crown," since one of his principal duties was "Keeler of the Pleas of the Crown," which meant snatching the goods of suicides or anyone deemed to be a criminal for the Crown. The Brodrick Report, published on Wednesday, may mean that his powers—and his tongue—may finally be clipped.

In olden times a coroner's duty was a cross between that of a divorce-case detective and a tax inspector—but he was just as popular. Shakespeare's grave diggers reserve for him a blank-verses sneer. The medical profession has justified him for generations, culminating in an official thrust from *The Lancet* in 1965.

In London all the coroners are full-time officers, generally of two disciplines—law and medicine. But throughout the country the majority of the 220 who preside over about 25,000 inquests a year are part-time, generally drawn from small town solicitors or local doctors.

The effect of being allowed to mount a dais at intervals and take on the role of what one coroner described as "Ombudsman for the Dead," can be unfortunate. Some feel obliged to pass half-baked judgement on the living too: Like the coroner who made paediatricians wince, and British mothers go berserk, when he remarked of three child witnesses to a drowning tragedy that they were "lying like brats of their age usually do." Another exhibited a curious sense of priorities when he reproached a man, who had lost his wife and children in a fire, for having stood helplessly after the accident "with his hands in his pockets." He seemed to think this proved the man was indifferent and callous.

The gathering of undergraduates was not under the affluence of incohol but there to form the latest student association, the Oxford University Monty Python Appreciation Society. But to the despair of the Presiding Twit Mick Field the meeting was cut short after a resolution from the floor that the third rule of the constitution should be that there should be no members.

A LONDON premiere of the *Shoes of the Fisherman* takes place next Thursday at the Ritz. Its organisers have found that journalists fell over yawning whenever approached about publicity for the premiere and, such has been newspapers' indifference, the premiere has been transferred from its original venue, the Empire, to the much smaller Ritz. Oddly enough the premiere is in aid of the National Union of Journalists' Widows and Orphans Fund.

A NEW and slightly bowdlerised version of the Little Red Book comes out tomorrow and its publisher Richard Handyside is now sitting back wondering if he is going to be done again. No less than four lawyers, the two authors and Handyside himself have been consulting one another each trying to decide what they can and cannot get away with. One suggestion was blacking out the offending lines but one lawyer thought that might be more obscure than spelling it out with accompanying pictures.

However, it is now pretty mild with the re-written bits in Italics though Mary Whitehouse is unlikely to give it a rave review because there are still four-letter words in it. Yet I gather there are plans afoot to publish a Little Blue Book full of smutty jokes together with the Little White Book and the Little Red Book as a sort of technicolour Christmas package deal.

The coroner has incurred the wrath of honest citizens in other ways—such as the case some years ago where a publican successfully sued a coroner because he had wilfully left a corpse lying on the pub billiard table so long that the decomposing body spoiled the cloth.

Suicide verdicts are at times passed rashly. In July last year, after an 18 month appeal battle, Mrs Doris Thomas of Cardiff succeeded in reversing a coroner's verdict of suicide on her post-

TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS: Prince Charles, who's cruising round the Mediterranean on HMS Norfolk, is 23. King Hussein of Jordan is 36 and Dr Michael Ramsay, Archbishop of Canterbury, is 67.

WEATHER FORECAST

MOSTLY bright and sunny with few morning and night outbreaks.

Outlook: Mostly dry, with night frost in South.

MONDAY: W Midlands: Frost at first. Major patches, early and late. Otherwise dry and bright. Normal temps.

NE, Cen, N Eng: Frost at first. Otherwise dry with sunny periods. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

South West and NW England: Channel Islands: Bright with sunny intervals. Windy. Sun. Max 10°C (50°F).

NIreland: Occasional rain, bright intervals. Windy. Moderate or fresh. Normal temps.

Borders: Edinburgh & Scotland: Mucky. Occasional rain, bright intervals. Windy. Moderate or fresh. Normal temps.

Wales: Rain, with bright intervals. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

Scotland: Rain, with bright intervals. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

Highlands: Argyll, NW Highlands: Rain, with bright intervals. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

Campbelltown: Rain, with bright intervals. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

Orkney: Rain, with bright intervals. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

Shetland: Rain, with bright intervals. Windy. Max 10°C (50°F).

Irish Republic: Cold with some ground frost. Milder, cloudy weather with occasional rain spreading from West later. Winds W, moderate.

man husband. He had been found in a river, and although there was no satisfactory evidence of an accident neither was there any of suicide. Another coroner later returned an open verdict.

One of the worst cases this century was that of Ian Spencer, a 33-year-old railway worker from Wakefield who, in 1966, was condemned to death for the murder of his wife. He was withdrawn; that should no longer be able individuals at inquests, riders to the findings abolished. Dr Gairin president of the Society of Coroner's and claims that his fact recommended most.

But the coroner can and frequently does perform a portant social function sort of occasional judge publicly condemn conduct in our consumption.

It was the Blackpool Dr John Budd, who was responsible for drawing to the dangers to children cheap plastic macs.

Dr A. G. Davies, of Safety on oil heaters. Toys led to lead poisoning and drugs which look like sweets, have also been successfully criticised by The Oxford coroner warning of an outbreak.

But they are most associated with road safety measures which can take seriously and act on. It was coroners responsible for the speed limit in the Thirties.

But medical and legal ties and many public anxious to see the power of acquittal in him. While the 400-page report is impressively it does not necessarily immediate action. Took six years and eight to publish. For an old discouraging piece years ago the first Royal Commission to strip the coroner power of commitment w

For some mysterious nothing was done.

Peter I

Mr John Fortune is a man and managing director, Leicester Mercury and editor, as I wrote last

Two for the price of one

